

The TATLER

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MISS BESSIE LOVE

Ruth Harriet Louise

One of the film's most diminutive and daintiest stars, who is not quite 5 ft. in height, and, save that she is dark, is an ideal "Peter." Her latest film is "Road Show," but she has been in almost countless successes from "Intolerance" onwards, and was discovered originally by Mr. D. W. Griffith. She has been Douglas Fairbank's leading lady, and was in many of his earliest successes. It was Mr. D. W. Griffith who gave her her stage name, as her real one is Horton, and she was born in Texas in 1898

The Letters of Eve



THE ORMOND HOUNDS' AFTER THE BALL MEET

Vyvyan Poole

A group at Kilcarren House, near Lorrha, after the Hunt Ball, which took place in Birr the previous night. The names, from left to right, are: Mr. H. M. Read, M.F.H., of Dungar, Roscrea; Mrs. Read, Mr. George Webb, M.F.H., of Shinrone, King's Co.; Major A. G. Waller of Belle Isle; Mrs. Minchin of Belmont; Miss Olive Penniman, and Mrs. A. G. Waller. Mr. Webb and Mr. Read have been Joint Masters of this Irish pack since 1923, Mr. Webb hunting hounds. Birr, which is in the heart of the Ormond country, was a garrison town when the English Army was in Ireland, and the officers stationed at Birr were always great supporters of the hunt. In those days the hunt was known as the King's Co. Hounds



THE EARL OF WHARNCLIFFE

In the Park last week. Lord Wharncliffe, who retired as a captain in the 2nd Life Guards, married Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's eldest daughter in 1918

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

DEAREST,—Those of us who spent the very stormy few days, which preceded last week, down on the Channel coast were not so entirely envious as we might otherwise have been of the lucky ones who have left these shores in search of warmth and sunshine. For we lay in our comfortable beds listening to the roar of the wind and the sea and imagined them tossing about most uncomfortably in their berths. The worst gales seem to reserve themselves for the week-ends when so many of the boats bound for Madeira and the West Indies, Algiers, and all those sunny places are due to start. Our sympathy was for the passengers in general, and in particular for Lord and Lady Abergavenny and Baroness de Belabre and her daughter, who had all embarked on their journey to Algiers, and for Commander Glen Kidston, who is returning again to



THE GORE-MONTGOMERIE WEDDING

Bassano

A group taken after the ceremony on February 4 at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, when Lady Barbara Montgomerie, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Eglinton, was married to Mr. Christopher Gore, the son of Colonel and Lady Constance Gore. Miss Isobel Milles-Lade and Miss Barbara Crichton (both little girls), Lady Janet and Lady Betty Montgomerie (the bride's sisters), Miss Gloria Gore (the bridegroom's sister), Lady Marian Dalrymple, Miss Rosalind Stracey, and Miss Catherine Salkeld were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Robert Lindsay, Grenadier Guards, was best man

East Africa. He does not intend to come home again until May.

* *

The sympathy, as far as I myself was concerned, was being sent out from Prince's, down at Hove, where I found quite a collection of amusing and interesting people. The first one I ran into was Joe Coyne, whose immense popularity is very easy to understand after only a few words with him. Then there was Audrey Carten and her sister, but I was not able to gather whether they were actually hard at work at the moment in writing another play together, or whether they were temporarily resting. Fay Comp-ton, who was acting down at Brighton in *Virtue for Sale*,

and Owen Nares with his wife and sons were other stars of the theatrical firmament. Mr. Tony Vivian, Lord Vivian's heir, and Lord and Lady Stanhope were there too for the week-end. I also came across Lady Dance, who like so many others of us is taking up squash, and Mrs. John Dennis, who is off to Cannes in a few days.

There are quite a few entertaining people, too, to be found in London still, in spite of the general exodus. I met Miss Olga Lynn one day last week. She is staying for the moment with Miss Winifred Barnes that was, in her attractive little house in Cheyne Walk. She told me that Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana would be back from the States before very long. They had a glorious time in Nassau which, I believe, is in the Bahamas. Lady Victor Paget and Mr. Sydney Herbery completed the party. Lady Victor was rather seedy some of the time while she was away, but the fact that she was in a nursing-home for a few days rather needlessly alarmed some of her friends, for in New York a nursing-home is resorted to as a matter of course on the slightest provocation.

Miss Lynn herself is now absorbed in the preliminary preparations for another charity *matinée*. Those that she undertakes are always a success, for she has original ideas; she works and makes others work really hard, and she has a knack of collecting youth and wit and beauty. This particular one, which is to be at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in April, is to be in aid of the Lying-in Hospital at Lambeth, and Lady Birkenhead is organising it. And Miss Lynn's part of the show is a series of tableaux of some of the pictures of the Italian Exhibition. It is too early for very much to have been settled as yet, but Mrs. Dudley Coats is going to appear as a Crivelli Madonna, and Mrs. Fred Lawson has undertaken to be responsible for Tiepolo's "Finding of Moses."

Talking of the Italian pictures there are only just three weeks left now in which to see them. After that they will all be returning to their own homes. What a surprise it has been, by the way, to find how many of them belong to owners in this country. So many of the lovely Leonardo da Vinci drawings, for instance, come from the King's Library. I hope that the *Leonardo da Vinci*, which brought the collection over from Italy, will have

a better passage home than she did coming here. Commendatore Modigliani and one of his daughters are gallantly returning, as they came, in her. But his wife and other daughter have

decided that discretion is the better part of valour, and are going back overland. Pickles and salad were, I understand, the only food they could face on the journey here in December.

Another interesting person I met last week was Arthur Rubinstein. He is over in England, off and on, until the 26th of this month, and he is giving several recitals in the big provincial towns. His London one is to be later on in the year. We were chaffing him about being lazy, as he has only made two gramophone records up to date. To this he rather indignantly retorted that he had played at sixty-five concerts and recitals since the beginning of October. All

over Europe, in fact, including Turkey and Greece and Poland. Truly, this must almost be a record. In Italy he played on eleven consecutive days. Also he found time to come over here and spend hours recording a Brahms concerto, which will be out on Saturday, and a whole lot of solos, including Debussy's "La Cathédrale Engloutie," which will appear later on.

Some of the pedestrians in what is popularly described as "our most exclusive shopping thoroughfare" must have been surprised at the sign displayed one evening last week outside a certain well-known shop. It bore the words "Eingang Alpina Hiel," and was an invitation to those who knew all about it to "step inside." Those who knew all about it being mostly composed of ardent skiing enthusiasts who had been at the Alpina at Mürren with Mr. Christopher and Lady Jean Mackintosh. Lady Jean is the elder sister of Lady Margaret Hamilton, who was married in Salisbury Cathedral a few days before. After I had stepped inside and upstairs as well, I came to an enormous room fitted with an enormous cocktail bar. There I found Lady Jean and her husband, Miss Maureen Guinness and her great friend Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere, Lady Furnivall, who was looking particularly attractive in black, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Pelly, and hosts of young men including Bunny Ford, George Newman, both of them great skiing experts, Mr. Dick Kindersley, and Mr. John Bingham. It was there, incidentally, that I learned that Lord Knebworth is writing two books, one on skiing and another on boxing.

(Continued on p. 280)



THE CRESTA RUN "JOCKEYS"

A group of those who competed on the first day of this hair-raising event, which some say is just as dangerous as the Grand National. The winner on this day was Mr. J. R. Heaton, his brother, Mr. T. Heaton, being second, and Mr. R. Hawkes third. The names in the group, left to right, are: Standing—Mr. H. G. Martin, Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. H. O'H. Giles, the Hon. F. N. Curzon (president), Captain L. M. Boddam-Whetham (secretary), Mr. H. C. Martineau, and Sir J. S. Forbes; sitting—Messrs. T. Heaton, J. R. Heaton, and R. Hawkes



LADY DIGBY AND HER CHILDREN, THE HON. PAMELA, THE HON. EDWARD, AND THE HON. SHEILA DIGBY

At a recent meet of the Cattistock Hounds of which Lord Digby is the present Joint Master with the famous Parson Milne. Those who know it say that the Cattistock country is as great a teaser as you could meet anywhere

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

I hear that the International Sportsmen's Club in Grosvenor Street, where everyone has been congregating for skating, or squash, or gym, will soon be blossoming out into its full glory. For its 150 bedrooms will be ready at the end of this month. And the whole clubhouse is being extended to give three extra reception-rooms, while the present mixed lounge is to be converted into the new dining-room, the rather inadequate old one being kept on as an overflow room specially reserved for those who don't want to dress for dinner. The cubicle accommodation for the swimming pool is being doubled too, and that will be a tremendous improvement when the heat-wave rush comes on again. The rush at the moment is for the Turkish bath which is a most attractive place of pale pink marble.

* * *

I see that my hint of Lord Moore's engagement to Miss Alvilde Bridges has already been unofficially confirmed. Probably it will be really out by the time you get this letter. They are a decorative couple, for he is extremely good-looking and she is most attractive in an unusual sort of way with her slim, willowy figure and her intriguing face and head. And Lady Diana Bridgeman, who is marrying Sir Robert Abdy, is a very gifted person as well as a very attractive one.

* * *

The Duke of Westminster and Miss Loelia Ponsonby have certainly been keeping the public guessing about the date and place of their wedding. And why not? It's so very much their own affair. One can hardly waste much sympathy on the crowds who waited for hours in the rain the other day in the hope of seeing the happy couple. The Duke is so essentially a person who hates to make plans long beforehand. In fact his usual procedure is: move north, south, east, or west at a moment's notice. And the sort of publicity which his wedding would attract would be avoided at all costs. After the honeymoon he and his new duchess are to entertain a big party at Eaton for the Grand National.

* * *

Half the world seems to be sailing next Friday for the far ends of the earth. Lord Bledisloe, who has



AT THE LOTHIAN'S COURSING CLUB MEETING

A group at Bonnington, North Berwick, which includes little Hew Dalrymple, son and heir of Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bt., John Dalrymple, Lady Dalrymple, Colonel George Grahame of Over Glenn, and Miss Evelyn Grahame, who is a niece of Lady Blythwood

Balmain

and Lord Ullswater are also departing the day after to-morrow, the former for Cape Town and the latter to join his wife in Madeira. Recent returned travellers include Sir Edwin Lutyens, who is now back from India, and Sir Richard Paget, who has been staying in Germany. Sir Richard's wife, Lady Muriel, has been in Russia, and will join him very soon. Lady Muriel did most wonderful work in Russia and Czecho-Slovakia both during and after the War.

* * *

Among the minor excitements of last week were John Barrymore's first appearance in a talkie, and the arrival over here of André Maurois' new book. John, whose voice is more American at times than I had suspected, makes a very dashing prince of mercenaries who sells his support to the Emperor Leopold of Austria in return for half the gold in his empire and the hand of his lovely sister, the Archduchess Maria Louisa. But being half-gipsy, for his father was glad to welcome this result of an early love affair when he thought he was going to die without an heir, he falls in love with and marries a lovely young gipsy girl when the Court is waiting his arrival to claim the hand of his betrothed.

* * *



THE OXFORD CREW SENSATION

Mr. D. E. Tinné and Mr. Alastair Graham, the new and ex-Presidents of the O.U.B.C. The unfortunate differences of opinion which resulted in the resignation of Mr. Alastair Graham are naturally regretted by everyone who has the interests of Varsity rowing at heart. Both Mr. Tinné and Mr. Graham are Old Etonians. Mr. Graham said in his speech at the captains' meeting that he was asked by the coaches to resign his presidency on the ground that he was not good enough to row in this year's crew

The picture provides him with a real good part and plenty of most becoming uniforms. Maurois' book on Byron, only one volume of which has appeared as yet, is most fascinating to read, for it is such an intimate study and explains him so well.—All my love to you, dearest, yours ever, EVE.

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MISS MONICA WYLDBORE-SMITH

Dorothy Wilding



LADY DOROTHY LYGON

Dorothy Wilding

The distinctive charm of English girlhood has inspired poets through the ages, and that the present generation has not fallen from grace is proved by these portraits of three engaging young people. Lady Dorothy Lygon is the youngest of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Beauchamp, and worthily upholds her family's reputation for decorativeness. She joins the ranks of the débutantes this season and so does Lord Erne's cousin, Miss Jean Crichton, who is the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Crichton's only daughter. Miss Monica Wyldbore-Smith has been out and about for a year or two, and is now making preparations for her marriage to Mr. Evan Gibbs, Coldstream Guards, the elder son of Major and Mrs. Gibbs of Pytte in Devon. Miss Wyldbore-Smith's father, Sir Edmund Wyldbore-Smith, is a director of the Suez Canal Company among other important concerns

The Cinema : "General Crack"—New Gallery

By JAMES AGATE

TWO pronouncements were made recently which I think merit attention. Both were made through the medium of that clamant little paper called "Vox." "The films have a thorough grip of the masses," ran the first pronouncement, made by one "Stentor." This was followed by Mr. Christopher Stone, who uttered this agonising shriek:—

Surely we of the masses should be allowed to choose our own films, to enjoy or dislike them in our own way, without being obliged to hear or say what the critics tell us we shall like. We don't read the papers to see what food we shall eat or what football match we shall watch, or what sort of tobacco we shall smoke. We know what we like, and if we can afford the money we pay the price for it.

Both pronouncements are bound up together and both seem to call for similar answers. "Stentor" is right as to his fact. It is true that the films have a thorough grip of the masses. The whole point of criticism is to see that the masses do not get a thorough grip of the films. Mr. Stone's shriek of agony is really a gospel, the gospel of vulgarity in the best sense of the word, i.e. the lowest happiness of the lowest-minded. But he makes a mistake when he suggests that the aim of criticism is to tell the vulgar what they will like. The critic knows perfectly well what the masses like. He knows that the masses positively adore a film in which a duke meets a typist in the tube, takes her to a *palais de danse*, gives her a cocktail too many, and puts her respectfully into a taxi on hearing that her mother, too, is blind. The vulgar—by which I mean not the poor people but the massed vulgarians in all walks of life—adore bad films just as they have always adored silly books, bad music, ugly houses, abominable wall-papers partly obliterated by the prettifications of our loathlier Academicians. The object of criticism largely depends upon whether the critic is highbrow or sane. If he is highbrow he wants to reform pictures in Hamlet's sense of reforming them out of existence, that is by making them so tediously intellectual that the masses couldn't abide them. And of course the whole art of the screen, not to mention the business of picture-making, must always live by the masses. The sane critic is one who tries to make pictures a little bit better, but in such a way that the masses will not jib at the improvement to the extent of staying away from the picture improved. In other words, there will be something in every picture for you and me, dear reader of THE TATLER, while your second-footman and my first-kitchenmaid could still hold hands and chocolate-bedaub each other with enjoyment unimpaired.

Let us apply the foregoing to the new talkie at the New Gallery, *General Crack*, which is distinguished by the appearance in it of one of the world's best actors, both on stage and screen. John Barrymore has every claim to the title of a great actor on the stage proper, and on the screen he is excelled in artistry only, so far as my knowledge goes, by Chaplin, Jannings, and a very few more, and in versatility by none. Does Mr. Christopher Stone really think that the masses would enjoy that picture less if the intricate story were better told, if the scenery did not look like marzipan, if the little American sweetie who plays the Archduchess Maria Louisa had read of or been told about the eighteenth century, how great ladies comported themselves, and with what tongue they spoke? This is probably not Miss Marion Nixon's fault, but the fault of whoever produced this film, that is if it was produced in the artistic sense. There is a moment when *General Crack* presents his gipsy wife to the Emperor of Austria, having for some obscure military reason

previously proposed himself for the hand of the Emperor's sister. The General bows to some fat old dear whom he mistakes for the sister in question. Whereupon Miss Nixon, who is as pretty as paint, sizes up the situation with true American promptitude, and sidling up to the little gipsy gushes at her, and with a gold-digger's accent: "I'm Maria Louisa. I'm just as thrilled by it all as I know you are." This is said with the exact intonation of a tender-hearted principal in the Ziegfeld Follies on learning that the leading part has been taken away from her and handed to a newly-joined chorus girl.

No! I maintain that if this film had been produced in a setting and with a cast worthy of the principal actor, its drawing power would not have been diminished by one single one-and-ninepenny seat. I do not believe that the masses, of which Mr. Stone claims to be a unit, hold meetings in Trafalgar Square for the purpose of deciding which good pictures they should avoid. In so far as John Barrymore is concerned the part is a good one and the actor magnificent. As a gipsy he marries one of those charming gipsy children who manage to dance half the night amid the smoke of the camp fires and sleep the other half in a frowsty, smelly caravan, yet emerge next morning, dew-

pearled and with a complexion looking as if it had been nursed for a week by Elizabeth Arden. Armita—I hope to goodness that our minor film stars are not going to imitate the foible of our major fiddlers and dispense with a Christian name—Armita is a very pretty child whom no wise generalissimo would leave lying about on a silken couch in the palace of his sovereign. Crack though this general was, he did this supremely foolish thing, whereby the film became for the next half-hour or so a very terrible affair in the best Grand Guignol manner. By some remarkable turn of military events the General captured his own sovereign and prepared to string him up in a coffin with a small glass window through which the monarch, while perishing of hunger, might observe the outrageous colloquies which the General proposed to hold with the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The General deplored the fact that the Emperor had only a sister upon whom he could wreak his revenge. Mr. Barrymore was very terrible here; as terrible, that is to say, as he can be with the help of knitted brows, a saucy underlip, and poverty-stricken dialogue.

What this fine actor wants to be saying is:

O, that the slave had forty thousand wives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge

I crave permission of good Shakespeareans—an there be any—for the altered quotation. Really, watching this film, I could not help wondering whether the masses, of which Mr. Stone makes so contented a unit, would shun Mr. Barrymore in a film version of, say *Hamlet*, with Miss Fay Compton as his Ophelia and Miss Constance Collier as the Queen. I admit it would be a little difficult to find a theme-song, though I suggest one of the drinking-songs out of *Old Heidelberg* might go very well at the lines:—

The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels,

and that "Swords and Sabres" might capitably accompany the entry of Fortinbras. That is, of course, presuming that those Hollywood darlings, Stenchenschloss and Schlossenstenck, the famous brothers-in-law and film-producers, cannot get away from the musical-comedy idea. After *Hamlet* they might give Mr. Barrymore a turn in *Richard III*.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xx



MR. JOHN BARRYMORE IN "GENERAL CRACK"

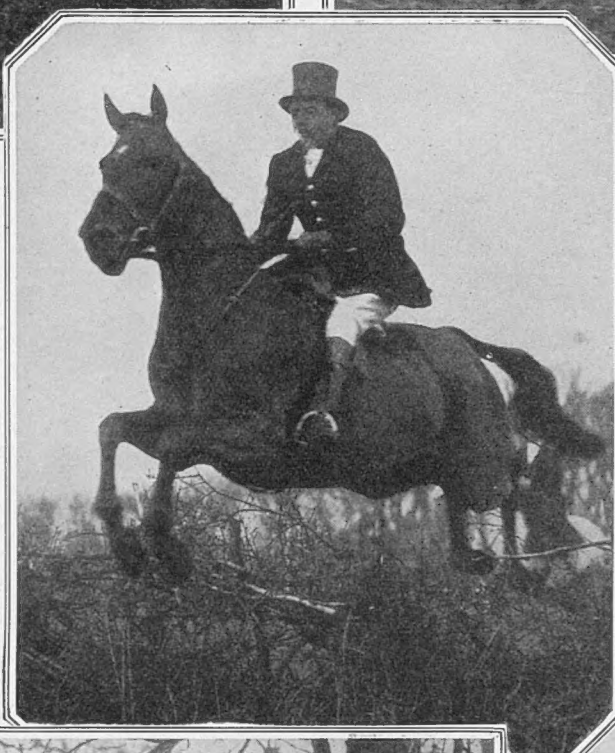
The new talking picture which had its premiere at the New Gallery Kinema on February 3. *General Crack* is a soldier of fortune who fights for love and loves to fight. The film is dealt with on this page



"THE WAY OUT": Mrs. Lawrence Kimball, and (right) Lord Conyers get a good start



"HONOURS EASY": Lady Ancaster and her daughter, Lady Catherine Willoughby keep pace with each other



"THIS WAY TO PARADISE"

The camera was lucky when the Duke of Rutland's hounds were at Thorpe Arnold last week, for it was able to draw a bead on Mrs. Lawrence Kimball and Lord Conyers in action during the first hunt. Mrs. Kimball was Miss Joan Radcliffe before her marriage. She bought Barleythorpe from Lord Lonsdale a year or two ago, and she and her husband hunt with all three Melton packs

Lady Ancaster and Lady Catherine Willoughby are first-rate exponents of the alternative methods of feminine equitation, and are generally concerned with the finish of a hunt. This picture was taken with the Cottesmore. Below are more participants in the Belvoir's Thorpe Arnold day, which finished up, by the way, by providing a lot of fun for a leash of greyhounds. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall and Miss Sheriffe, are well-known Leicestershire's thrusters, and Mr. Cottrill has a hunt there as often as he can. Mr. Edward Greenall is just back from a visit to the Irish packs, and Mr. Stratton Dixon is an onlooker at the moment, as the result of a broken collar-bone



MAN AND SUPERWOMAN: (Above) Miss Brassey and the Hon. Edward Greenall, and (left) Mr. Stratton Dixon, Mr. Harry Cottrill, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall (on foot), and Miss Monica Sheriffe

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

WEDNESDAY saw the return of George Tongue, the Belvoir huntsman, to the saddle, and a very welcome relief it must have been to the Master, who, with most of his ribs only hanging by a thread, has been overtaking himself to show first-rate sport four days a week. It is nothing short of a tragedy that the present joint-mastership should have come to an end, and we can only hope that some arrangement will be arrived at whereby Charles, who has done so much for the pack, will be enabled to stop on. The success of the Warwick Lodge dance is vouched for by the fact that they had to set the dog on the last of the guests at 4 a.m. and then two of them had no cars, presumably having ordered them for 6 a.m. Everything done just so, but no flowers by request this time. Not that humour with a capital H is dead in Leicestershire, as witness the bogus invitations to Sir Victor and Lady Warrender's non-existent dance, a piece of roguish drollery which must have looked devastatingly silly to its sponsor twenty-four hours after its conception. A moderate morning Friday, but twenty-three golden minutes S.A. in the afternoon from Barkby Holt to the Coplow to ground. Don't tell the gentleman that one fall over a cock fence and three on the flat in one day is unusual. You'll only spoil his nerve, and to him it's all part of the outing. The sales at Leicester meant good-bye to the Dugdales after a terribly unlucky season. Let's hope they'll come again, with the luck on their side next time. Money seemed to be plentiful and even horses "no one could ride half a side of" made more money than allowed for in the estimates sent out in error on one of somebody's cards. Major Pope has recovered from his accident, and we hope to see them both down again next year. Poor Reggie! few would have stayed there as long as you, but it's too hard when being bucked off gets into the Sunday papers as "daring handling of madly rearing runaway hunter." Lots of brooks and rivers in the Redmile country, but Jack could make most spaniels look about ten cents. A new arrival not far behind him, but owing to an accident slightly more buoyant. Another very good sporting week, with, so far, no frost.

From Warwickshire

Upper Brailles scored a star turn on Tuesday, when a stout fox from Spencer's Gorse made off like a flash as soon as hounds were put into the covert, for a brilliant gallop followed of sixty-five minutes—no more and no less—with a point of at least six-and-a-half miles. The line was not strictly speaking over the cream of the Vale, but over the lighter lands of Shutford and Ragnell Bottom, but the pace was good and fences stiff enough, so much so that at least 25 per cent. of the followers had obviously met their fate dirtily, if not dangerously, by the time the fox beat his pursuers at the quarries. The Master and Cookie were exploring a bottomless ditch together quite early in the proceedings, while Beryl and Dick simply wallowed in the brook in which Jack's best point-to-pointer lay already submerged. Later a thirty minutes' fast burst from Oxhill ended in a kill at Compton Wynyates—much to the pleasure of its sporting owner—and we understand that this time Tim was first past the post—out all on his own. Altogether a great day's sport! Southam Market Place was the venue two days later, and a move was soon made to Welch Road Gorse, whence Reynard lost no time in making a bee-line across Stoneythorpe to Upton. This was a fast twenty minutes over a nice bit of country, and the fox was lucky indeed to reach the wood in safety. Here a long delay occurred before hounds crawled out towards Print and Offchurch, and thinking they would swing

back, half the field were left planted on Fosse Hill. Results being unfortunate, and in spite of Audrey II.'s good efforts in her Austin car as liaison officer, there was nothing for it but to join the second horsemen at Ladbroke Village. N.B.—By orders from G.H.Q. this band is now a fixed unit instead of a mobile force!

From the Belvoir

The dog hounds put up a fine performance on Tuesday, killing their fox after a first-class hunt round the Rauceby country. On Wednesday a fox from Ling's took us mountain-eering round Stathern, and finally got to ground in Belvoir Woods. Mr. Tonge hunted hounds in the morning, and George Tongue, who was out, carried the horn for a spell in the afternoon. He is now nearly recovered from his bad fall. On Saturday the field at Redmile included the Duke of Gloucester. After a moderate hunt from Rectory a fox from Normanton Thorns led hounds to Staunton Grange, then on into Mesopotamia, or at least a country of many rivers. Hounds swam the flooded Devon and the whole field were held up. One gallant heavy-weight tried to ford the river, but by mid-stream his horse was swimming, and unfortunately wire on the far side prevented him from getting out. He tried unsuccessfully to cut the wire whilst swimming, and eventually horse and man got out about 100 yards below where they entered. When re-crossing the stream at a flooded ford one unfortunate visitor's horse was carried off his legs and both vanished beneath the muddy waters. They were fished out rather the worse for wear. Unfortunately George Tongue took a nasty fall on the tarmac in Shelton Village but was able to continue.

From the Fernie

The open season with deep going is beginning to tell on horses, not to mention the land, and although one does not like to be stopped a day if possible, a short spell of frost might be beneficial to both stable and farmer. Fog lay thick on Monday when hounds met at Saddington, where a small field forgathered in the paddock. There was a cold halt at John Ball previous to the fox breaking, then a wild dart to be with hounds, some bold spirits ready to jump anything and everybody. Our fox went out to Bruntingthorpe before he was marked to ground. Dirty coats were visible telling of the big places which brought several down. "The biggest fox wot ever was seen" then took hounds from John Ball to the Saddington Reservoir, where a substitute took up the running and was killed. There was a good muster at Houghton-on-the-Hill on Thursday. Thick mist enveloped the landscape, but sunshine broke forth as hounds moved off. Pytchley were well represented, the Joint, Mr. Ronald Tree, bringing on several of the white collars. A ring from Hall's Spinney opened the ball. Many were on the floor at the first fences. Lord Ebury took a bad one and was carried off. Foxes were everywhere, so that there was no time lost in finding. A good hunt from Harris' finished with a kill in the Billesdon Vale. Empty saddles were prevalent, both sexes coming to grief. The lady whose horse rolled over her in the deepest of gateways was indeed in a most unenviable plight. Horse and rider presented a sorry spectacle. A good day's sport finished in Quorn domains.

From the Heythrop

On Monday, at Churchill, the thick fog caused a disappointing day which was mainly made up of occasional excursions from and immersions in the boggy fastness of Bould Wood, and



LADY STRATHEDEN AND LADY DALKEITH

On the day the Buccleuch hounds met at Mr. J. J. Bell-Irving's seat, Makerstoun House, Kelso. Lord Dalkeith is the Joint Master, and Lady Stratheden is the wife of Lord Stratheden, who was formerly in the Coldstream



THE PRIME MINISTER—THE RIGHT HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

By Autori

The suggestion of the weight of responsibility upon the present Prime Minister of Great Britain is wonderfully carried out in this clever caricature. Whether the present Government and its leader look east or west, or concentrate their gaze upon the home front, the prospect is hardly pleasing. Unemployment, the problem of finding more money from an already over-taxed public, the problem of reduction of armaments, the extremely thorny problem of India with its very dangerous possibilities—these are some of the things which the massive treatment in this picture suggests

LADY NEWNES *Marian Lewis*

Who is the Chairman of the Valentine's Day Dinner and Concert which takes place on St. Valentine's Eve at the Park Lane Hotel and is in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden. Lady Newnes is the wife of Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., head of George Newnes, Ltd.

divorces him in a finely simulated aspect of outraged wifedom, and gets away with a satisfactory allowance. Then she marries again. She may or may not consent to have children, but should she do so she does so more as an excellent investment (alimony is always largely increased when there is a child) than from any yearning after motherhood. After she has become a rich woman she usually leaves matrimony alone and takes to the Lido. Most men are very good-natured creatures and a few tears will wipe out months and years of callous indifference if only they be wept by a woman whom they once loved. These women, and they are not uncommon in these days, are the new and triumphant sisterhood of harlots. Indeed, they make the old professionals look about as dingy and out-of-date as the village drapery would appear beside Selfridge's. For they retain their social respectability in law. But in any case, even if they don't, they know full well that in the world in which they live and prosper the adage to "understand all is to forgive all" is simply a question nowadays of income and bank-balance. Besides, in these days marriage itself is regarded more as an exciting experience than as a prelude to duty. Unless a woman is tied to a husband in a lunatic asylum or in prison (in parenthesis, two of the more justifiable reasons for divorce), she has only to bide her time in order to find the key to her own freedom. Comparatively few men will hit a woman, while the majority can be briefly faithless. It has given the money-grabbing woman a glorious opportunity. In "The Flirt and the Flapper" (Duckworth. 5s.) Mrs. Elinor Glyn gives us a long conversation between one of these female pests in embryo and an ancient dame of the eighteen-sixties who steps down from her frame in order to be enlightened on love and romance as it blossoms in these days. Says the Flapper: "Gee! It's queer to sit and chin with a picture. . . . I must speak to my boot-legger." Says the Flirt: "Well, since I am here, let us exchange views." Replies the Flapper: "Go ahead—the petting party I horned in on last night left me limp—I'll listen to anything but nagging." And thus it goes on more or less for 136 pages. They speak a different vocabulary. The flirt thinks of the reticence and the romance and the run-and-pursuit of love in the dead yesterdays. The flapper puts her wise to the moral and social aspect of to-day. She is triumphantly vulgar. The flirt is justifiably bewildered. It is all rather aimless, but it is just readable. What it means I do not know. But there is a hint that after being pawed and mauled about by a number of different men, married and single, and after being drunk most nights of the week, the flapper will discover in her 'nth boy friend that it may be possible to desire no one else for a while—although for eternity is implied. Bless her! she's just what her grandmother was after all! By which it will be realised that Mrs. Glyn knows the mentality of the film "fan" public at least. Yet after her first book, "Visits of Elizabeth," what a dreary descent

The New Female Pest.

THE law of easier divorce has brought a new type of female pest into the domestic world. For want of another name I will call her an "alimoneer." She gets rich on alimony. Her quarry are rich husbands. Soon after marriage she begins to make her husband's life hell. She knows instinctively that a man who is miserable with his mate will sooner or later seek consolation elsewhere. That is her chance. She

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

in literature has been hers! Still, these sort of sentences would look awfully daring as captions in the eyes of the cinema-goers of Puddleton Minor: "'Whoopee' is when you feel you could beat the band, and are not sure if it's your own sweetie you're with or your best girl friend's—and you don't care a damn which!" and "A Tired Business Man is a married man grinding down town making dollars, glad to give his wife oodles to go to Europe, so as he can have a little peace." Nevertheless, Mrs. Glyn will introduce them to a new word anyway. It is "er"—spelt with only one "r," if you please. If is the natural consequence of having "IT." After a girl has been out with a man at night and she likes him, they . . . and here even a flapper hesitates and says, "er . . . er . . ." Get me? Yes, that's the new "wit!"

A Light, Entertaining Story.

Yes, and even Berta Ruck's always delightful heroines are getting a little er-y and it-y. But happily they, at least, continue to remain human beings. Still there was a time when Aunt Maria could only view their waywardness with apparent disapproval, convinced that *au fond* they were darling girls and fond of their parents and kind to animals—just splendid future wives and mothers at present suffering from that handicap in Aunt Maria's eyes, which is inexperience and youth. But Pet Elliott, the heroine of Berta Ruck's latest novel, "To-day's Daughters" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), would likely at any moment force Aunt Maria to look over her spectacles; which Aunt Maria always do if the world is not carrying on as they approve. Pet is the daughter of a famous writer of detective fiction who becomes engaged to a backboneless young man in a musical comedy chorus, and because her fond father insists that at any rate she shall earn her own living for a year as the preliminary apparently of being able to keep her husband eventually, goes off in a huff and takes a situation in the family of some disagreeable Jews. Here the intentions of the son become undisguisably dishonourable, and so Pet finds herself stranded in the South of France without either a "bean" or the prospect of a "beano." She has a very unpleasant time after that, but eventually it all comes right. The first part of the story, or indeed any other portion which concerns the Elliott family, is entertaining, bright, and readable.

Jane Austen from Another Angle.

It is a matter of temperament, I suppose, and so I must confess that I am never tremendously curious to identify a vivid character in a work of fiction with any real person. I am never particularly thrilled by the fact that the hero of a novel was a modified portrait of the writer's uncle, or that the comic representation of the heroine's old nurse was the woman who kept the village post office where the writer was born. I am not even curious to know an author's religious convictions as culled from the statements, or peradventure the omissions, which are to be found in his literary work. I am only mildly interested, in fact, in the house wherein he lived during his lifetime. Whose latest book, "That Other Love," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson and has been well reviewed. His other novels, "Whipped Cream" and "Sweet Pepper," both achieved great popularity

MR. GEOFFREY MOSS *Lenore*

(Cont. on p. 285)

"THE FORM—THE FORM ALONE IS ELOQUENT"

By George Belcher



Lady (who has just purchased second-hand coat): It might 'ave been made for you, 'e says, not that anythink wouldn't suit yer with yer contour

Second Lady: Well, it's lucky you've got that, whatever it is, for yer figure ain't nothin' to shout about

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

And so perhaps Miss C. Linklater's book, "Jane Austen: A Survey" (Marshall, 10s. 6d.), left my enthusiasm only lukewarm. Yet Miss Linklater has done her work remarkably well. She takes beloved Jane's characters and analyses their motives, their temperaments, their estimable characteristics, and their shortcomings in a manner which cannot fail to interest. She shirks nothing. Yet I wish that she had not also tried to deduct premises from what is little more than the evidence of silence. "It would be difficult," she writes, "to gather either from Miss Austen's novels or her correspondence that she was much occupied with spiritual matters. In the letters written from Hans Place, for instance, there is more talk of dress and shopping, of parties, theatres, and picture galleries, than of sermons or preachers." Well, on even clearer evidence you might easily deduct that she had no great respect for clergymen as such, because she made all her clericals more or less comic figures. The fact is she knew her limitations. She could write enchantingly of parties and of dresses and shopping expeditions. She had too great a sense of humour to venture into the world of the spirit, in which, perhaps because it meant so much to her, she felt that she could not express her faith without the words sounding highfalutin and false. Nevertheless here is undoubtedly a book which every lover of Jane Austen's novels should read. It views her rather ponderously perhaps, but it also reveals her in a very interesting aspect. An aspect, moreover, which until now had only been considered casually and in brief.

* * *

A Pleasant Story of Ordinary People.

One of the great charms of all Jane Austen's stories was that she made nobody extraordinary. The characters always remain people like ourselves. You can meet modified Mrs. Bennetts and Emmas and Darcies almost every day. They suffer, but not tragically. They love, but not madly. They hate, but it does not ruin their happiness for more than an odd moment. They have ambitions, but it is not to remould entirely the social structure. They are everyday people, living everyday lives, and because she has kept all her stories, except the delicious parody of "Northanger Abbey," simple chronicles of such everyday people and things, her enchantment never diminishes once you have fallen under its spell. It is this avoidance of any struggle to achieve a startling effect which adds so pleasant an interest to Miss Christine Orr's novel, "Artificial Silk" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). The characters are comfortably average. The scenes are everyday kind of scenes, much as we live through from time to time in our own lives. Yet they are not commonplace, not nearly so commonplace, in fact, as would be accounted startlingly original and clever. Margaret Maxwell and Viola Templeton are two girls whom we might meet any day. They behave just exactly as we know they would behave. Yet they are none the less interesting because they are, psychologically speaking, so nearly akin to the metaphorical Miss Browns and Robinsons. Margaret has been told that she has only another year to live, and that before she dies she will go blind. As a livelihood she is a designer of patterns for artificial silk, and blindness more than death troubles her, since it means that so much of life's beauty would leave her before life itself. Viola, on the other hand had a more personal ambition. She yearned to bring joy and colour into commonplace lives through the founding of a repertory theatre for all that was loveliest in

drama belonging to whatever nation. Well, she achieved her ambition and died, while Margaret escaped death to find romance. She had only the ambitions of an ordinary woman to fulfil. It is a very human little story, told with a simplicity which is most effective. Miss Orr seems to know her limitations, and because she keeps within them she has given us a very truthful picture of life, an everyday picture though it may be.

* * *

Joseph in New Colours.

When "Ephesian," otherwise Mr. C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, wrote his book on Charles Dickens, all that was left of the Victorian cohorts rose up in their wrath to denounce him. Now he has written another book, this time about Joseph, but I don't think that "The Coat of Many Colours" (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) will create such a tremendous flutter, Joseph being, metaphorically speaking, such a long way off, and chiefly exciting as a personage on account of disentangling himself from the clutches of Potiphar's wife. Still here you have a very unorthodox way of looking at a Biblical hero, who in this book, written as if the whole history were a novel, loses all of his divine qualities to become simply and solely a sharp-witted young Jew. Moreover, evidence—and "Ephesian" quotes a number of books of reference upon which he has based his assertions—seems to point to the correctness of his version. Joseph had

ambition. He wheedled the famous coat of many colours out of his doting old father in order to get the better of his brethren and advance himself as future leader of the tribe. It was a great shock, therefore, when those same brethren did not see it quite in this light, and so pushed him into a deep pit, where he might have died had not discretion decreed that it would be more remunerative to sell him as a slave to some passing Egyptians. Once in Egypt Joseph began to collect



Mother: If you don't be'ave yerself I shan't take you to see your father 'ave 'is tooth out

feathers for his own nest. He was conscientious. He made friends of only the probably useful, and being a Jew, he stuck to the other Jews, because instinctively he knew that you can't keep a Jew down anywhere, except in a pork-butcher's shop. The episode of Potiphar's wife and his triumphant exit from same was not, according to this book, due to chastity, but simply to save his skin, another of the lady's slave-lovers having met a very wet and untimely death a short time previously. Later on, when he found advancement through Potiphar doubtful, he wormed his way into the favour of the King by professing to interpret dreams. Through this he rose to be the Great Power in the land of Egypt, waging a successful war against Skenenra, averting a famine by building storehouses and rationing the people, and was only embarrassed when his family found him again, and his father, to whom he had never written, fell on his neck, demanding to know why he had not done so. "I have been very busy, father. I have had no time," lied Joseph. At which the King, who was also present, gave a loud guffaw! There the story ends. It is a most irreverent version of the Biblical legend, if that matters? Joseph was a climber. He climbed and got there. But that of course is not how the orthodox regard his worldly progression upward. Still, if the legend of Joseph was not a fairy-tale I daresay this version by "Ephesian" was more or less what really happened and why.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xvi of this issue

"SILVER WINGS"
AND "DARLING, I LOVE YOU"



IN "DARLING, I LOVE YOU": MR. GEORGE CLARKE AND MISS WYN RICHMOND



AND ALSO: MR. HAROLD FRENCH AND MISS VERA LENNOX



MR. ART FOWLER AND MISS EMMA HAIG



MISS DÉSIREE ELLINGER (INEZ) AND MR. HARRY WELCHMAN (PABLO)

The two groups at the top are of "Darling, I Love You," which is having a good success at the Gaiety. Caricatures and full details in the Passing Shows pages. "Silver Wings," with which the lower pictures deal, opens at the new Dominion Theatre on February 14. Lupino Lane considers it well worth his while to come a long way to play what is called the comic relief part, aided and abetted by Miss Emma Haig, who in private life is Mrs. Art Fowler. She is seen in the picture with her husband. The story is all about an Atlantic flier hero (Mr. Eric Roland), who crashes to earth in Mexico, and there falls in love with the local belle, Inez (Miss Désirée Ellinger), whom of course the local villain, a very murky character named Pablo (Mr. Harry Welchman), has marked down as his especial prey

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



COUNT "LUDY" SALM

A great personality on the Côte D'Azur and a great lawn-tennis enthusiast. His family is of very ancient lineage, and dates back to the year 1056

has been a renewed rush of energy towards the golf courses and tennis courts.

I myself have been playing golf, and noticed a great many people doing likewise. We motored over to Costebelle one day and found Lord Jellicoe, Admiral Bethell, and Vice-Admiral MacLagen all playing. The day after I played at Mandelieu, where I saw Lord Cholmondeley (who I hear is going to play much more golf than lawn tennis this season) playing extremely well against Captain Barrington White. Constance, Duchess of Westminster (who is staying with her sister, Princess Pless, at Napoule, close by), is a keen golfer who plays a good deal at Mandelieu; and there is always a crowd waiting to drive off in the mornings and early afternoons. Of course, Mougins (near Grasse) is quite perfect as a club I think, and I lunched there yesterday and found such a lot of well-known people who had been playing, or who were going to play. Lord Derby is most regular and never misses a day's play, while the Aga Khan, who was in white flannels, was playing a round with George Duncan the professional, who is his regular "coach," and is also, I hear, teaching the Begum who is making great progress at the game. Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Lord and Lady Glenconner were all playing, and I saw also, lunching there, Lord and Lady Wolverton, Sir Arthur Crossfield, Lady Alix Colebrook, the Princess de Bourbon, Major Thomas Bouch, and Mr. Gannon.

The lawn tennis, too, is very entertaining just now, for both Henri Cochet and Baron de Mompurgo (Italy's handsome champion) have just arrived, and there ought to be some famous battles when either of them meet the great "Bill" Tilden, who so far is having a succession of the most bloodless victories in all the events he plays in. This next week will be the Carlton Club meeting, which is generally considered to bet he most popular club in Cannes, possibly because it is so delightfully close to the famous "Charlie's Bar," where everyone gravitates at twelve o'clock, and where the excuse of having played lawn tennis all the morning makes quite a number of cocktails permissible.

Our Riviera Letter

MY DEAR TATLER.

—We have had actually three days' rain, and such heavy rain that it has delayed our racing at Mandelieu, a thing which I, for one, find it very hard to forgive, as we always enjoy the racing at Cannes more than anywhere else. Polo, too, has been somewhat "under the weather" so to speak, the last few days. However, it is absolutely perfect again now, and in consequence, there

There have been some wonderful galas at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant, notably one where the Duke of Westminster, and his fiancée, Miss Ponsonby (who wore pale green chiffon and looked delightfully pretty) were present, while Sir J. Laycock, Major and Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Olive Reubens, were amongst the diners.

This week we have had Spinely in *Souris d'Hotel* at Cannes, and I must say she makes such a ravishing "cat"-burglar, clad in the most enchantingly thin maillot of black silk, that one cannot wonder that the young man of the play "falls for her" at once instead of promptly handing her over to the police, which no doubt if she had been old and fat he would have done at once.

The opera season is in full swing now at Monte Carlo, and there are always a great many music lovers who go very regularly indeed. I myself am most bitterly disappointed that we are to have no Russian Ballet this season, and it is indeed a real loss which only those who have enjoyed and appreciated it so much in the past few years out here can quite fully appreciate.

Monte Carlo is extremely busy just now "fêting" the intrepid drivers of the ninety odd cars which arrived up to time in the great Motor Rally. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce in her Hillman was the first British car to arrive at 7.30 on a beautiful cloudless morning. She had had an extremely nerve-wracking start on her twenty-mile drive through the forest to the start at Sundswall, where the icy road caused the car to skid and fall over a precipice, being luckily however held up by a tree, so that, most providentially no one was hurt, and they were able after some considerable delay to get on the road again. Lord de Clifford came through most successfully from John o' Groats. Carraciola, the famous German driver, arrived to time, also the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd. Prince Adolphe Schaumburg-Lippe and Mr. Whalley, who had to report a casualty in the shape of a large wild boar, which he had run over on his way down.

The race was remarkable for the great number of cars which arrived to time as against last year. Most of the



CAPTAIN BARNETT, MR. SOLLY JOEL, AND MR. W. J. SELIGMAN

Caught by the camera on the quay at Cowes. Mr. Solly Joel is as fond of yachting of the steam yacht variety as he is of racing, and during the jumping season is usually to be found cruising somewhere in the Middle Sea

late arrivals in the afternoon were from Russia, where they reported bad fogs *en route*, and also bad roads before Riga. The competitors only had one day in which to recover from their long trip, and yesterday engaged in a very stiff regularity test, which consisted in having to cover the famous Boucle de Sospel twice (a distance of about 140 kilometres) at an average speed of 32 kilometres.

CAROLINE.



MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY AND M. HENRI COCHET

Snapped at the Gallia Courts, Cannes. Henri Cochet, the world's champion, went into the finals of the doubles with his compatriot, M. J. Brugnon, at the Gallia Tournaments

FAMILY LIKENESSES



LADY DORIS GUNSTON AND HER DAUGHTERS

The eldest daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and Ava was Lady Doris Blackwood before her marriage in 1922 to Captain Cecil Gunston. She and her husband occupy an attractive house in Southwick Crescent, where their two little girls, Hermione and Sonia, are frequently at home to nursery visitors. Captain Gunston, M.C., used to be in the Coldstream. He is the son of the late Captain Bernard Gunston and is related to the Duke of Wellington

Photographs by Yevonde

HERMIONE

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Darling, I Love You," at the Gaiety



MR. GEORGE CLARKE

Following in the monocled traditions of the G. P. Huntley school of "silly-ass" comedians, Mr. George Clarke thoroughly deserves his transfer from the provinces to the West End. He is a tower of strength and cheerful inanity, a nimble dancer, and, in fact, the back-bone of the Gaiety crew

"just-one-more" rubbers of bridge. It is past midnight, your wife yawns, the dogs moan to be let out, you yourself revoke but nobody notices, and the result is, after ten minutes of bemused arithmetic, that those ghastly Thingummy-bobs, who ought to have gone home an hour ago, are each ninepence to the good. . . .

* * *

At the Gaiety the inanities are both genial and well-preserved. *Darling, I Love You* may strike the phlegmatic habitué as provincial mutton masquerading as "West End" lamb, but I fancy that the knockabout duderics of Mr. George Clarke, a sound, "silly-ass" comedian with a large country following, supported by the straightforward music-hall methods of Mr. Neil McKay (who is, like Mr. Clarke, a dancer of much skill and trickery, and a saxophone player into the bargain), will command a wide patronage for Mr. Laddie Cliff's latest venture.

* * *

Comedy, especially in the absence of stars of the first magnitude, is always an excellent card of re-entry.

IF justice and imagination go hand in hand in hell one mansion of that uncelestial abode will be reserved for the more Peter Pannish of the Bright Young People, all practical jokers, most Society gossip writers, certain dramatic critics, and all bores, with or without walrus-moustaches, who receive five guineas for saturating the defenceless ether with half-hour talks on the Functions of Rock Fungus or the Life Story of the Byzantine Trireme.

* * *

Life in this particular haven of retribution will be one long musical comedy. Not gems of gaiety like *Kiss Me Katie*, or *Baby, I Hate You*, but musical comedies of the feeblest description. Not that merit would make much difference. Think of hearing for the millionth time the theme number, the jokes about sex-appeal and Austin Sevens, the topical allusions to Sonny Boy, Mrs. Meyrick, Carnera and Co., long since *démodé*. Think of the millionth presentation of the aerobatic dance in which the juvenile lead throws his feminine counterpart about as if she were gossamer, whereas by all the laws of avoidupois she ought to be throwing him about. Think of that scene in "Pussy" Peewit's ballroom where the guests in fancy dress wave paper streamers, stamp their feet, utter piercing cries of joy and beat each other with balloons. Think of watching *ad infinitum* the bare-legged ladies of the chorus doing the same step accelerando, or, crouched on each other's knees in single file, turning themselves into a human railway train by dint of arm-waving and hissing noises executed in unison. Think of that moment at the Duke of Dumbwaiter's garden-party when twenty maidens in white sleeveless frocks, and twenty gentlemen in sky-blue blazers, throw their tennis rackets in the air and give three hearty cheers because Lady Betty has just won the mixed doubles single-handed.

* * *

Think . . . but that ought to be enough to be going on with. The genial inanities of musical comedy are no worse than a good many other diversions which remind us that all work and no play is terribly bad for the tired business man, and the untirable companion of his leisure. I, for instance, would sooner expiate my sins by watching *Darling, I Love You* through ten billion performances than play ten thousand of those

The two comedians leave no jest unturned to get laughs, and the evening's bag reaches respectable proportions. It will do even better when a magnum of ginger has been administered to the first act. Here the birth of the plot—or should one say the re-birth of all the plots?—some-what clogged the mechanism. *Dramatis personæ*—a knight keen on yachting (Mr. Frank Freeman); his pretty daughter (Miss Vera Lennox), engaged to an "honourable" (Mr. Harold French); a German (why this affront to America?) dance-band-master (Mr. Griffith Humphreys) and two unpunctual musicians (Messrs. Clarke and McKay); an eccentric butterfly-collecting Earl (Mr. Leonard Russell);



MR. NEIL MCKAY

As the bogus secretary to the trap-drummer who pretended to be an Earl. An aerobatic hornpipe and a saxophone solo are Mr. McKay's chief contributions to an evening of broad comedy. He is Scotch and obviously proud of it



MISS ELLA LOGAN

American exports have made us familiar with soubrettes like the Duncan Sisters, Emma Haig, Ada May, and Sunny Jarman. Now it is Scotland's turn. Miss Ella Logan's superb American accent and vitality are a tribute to the originals and a credit to herself.

ment at the end of the first Act. Needless to say there is none. Miss Lennox happens to drop into the ballroom at the very moment when Mr. French is holding Miss Richmond in his arms and saying, "Darling, I love you," just to oblige. It is enough. No questions asked, no allowances made. The smack in the face, like Act II, follows almost immediately.

Previous to this sensational dénouement the smacker has bet the smacked a new frock to ten kisses that she will persuade the eccentric Earl to attend the party. When his lordship rings up in the middle of the proceedings to say he can't come, does she accept defeat and hand over the ten kisses? Of course not. What happens? I offer one guess, the odds being ten pearl studs to a safety-pin that no more will be needed. Candidates failing to answer intelligently will be asked to acquaint themselves with the plots of every musical during the last, and the next, fifteen years.

Yes, sir, you are perfectly right. Bertie Bundy, the trap-drummer (who has written a jazz rhapsody that nobody will perform), impersonates the absent Earl. Dougal McHaig, his fellow-musician, pretends to be his secretary. Then the real Earl turns up—a disappointment as eccentrics go—and thoroughly enjoys the joke. The scene changes to a yacht-club. The wrong Earl performs the opening ceremony with a stump speech and spends a rib-tickling five minutes endeavouring to climb through the window of the real Earl's cottage—I forget why. The two impostors are very funny in this and other brisk bits of knockabout. Mr. Clarke sings an excellent song in praise of the beard with chorus of beavers. Mr. McKay does a superb acrobatic hornpipe. Mr. Clarke performs wonders of reversing and acceleration in a Baby Austin, a companion

the missing trap-drummer's wife (Miss Wyn Richmond) suffering from a complex by which, when thwarted, she wilts, as if mesmerised, into the arms of the nearest man, only to revive when her supporter utters the magic words, "Darling, I love you"; one old salt (Mr. Tom Shale); and one smart crook (Mr. William Kendall).

Throw this list of characters at any expert and the first thing he will worry about is some just cause or impediment why Miss Lennox shouldn't smack Mr. French in the face and break off her engage-



MR. TOM SHALE

Bill Barnacle of the Southcliffe Yachting Club is an old salt that has lost none of his savour, although his past appears not altogether blameless, and his mastery of the King's English is hardly up to B.B.C. standards

of the "halls," with a near-side back-wheel which bounces up and down on its axle with astonishing effect. This mechanical feature is presumably an "extra" on the standard model.

After that we go off to a jazz hotel at Merville-sur-mer (where the symphony is to be played, thanks to the magnanimity of the Earl), in search of the Countess' missing pearls, the drummers' stolen band-parts, and the happy ending.

A three-room suite, with real sawdust ready to pour from the shower-bath tap, and everybody—the Earl and spouse, the two musicians rehearsing on the trombone and saxophone, the crook and the bandmaster—dodging in and out under the beds, is good fooling. Then the last scene, in which the crook who wanted the pearls and the bandmaster seeking revenge, having been thwarted by grabbing the wrong suitcase, Mr. Clarke is left alone while his symphony is performed "off." His *pas seul* expressing the nervous agony of one who listens to his own *magnum opus* for the first time, and all the other emotions this ghost of Gerschwin is intended to convey, fairly and squarely brought down the house.

Miss Lennox deserves a place in the top form of any charm-school. She dances well, sings nicely, and has an appealing air of vivacity intensified by the nice conduct of a pair of particularly sparkling eyes. A leading lady's first duty is to be winsome, and if a little restlessness is noticeable it is perhaps a fault on the right side. Miss Richmond by comparison seemed a little stiff, but made vocal amends and danced effectively. Mr. French's pleasant manner, Mr. Humphrey's teutonisms, and the combined efforts of everybody else deserve honourable mention. The youthful, all-shouting American soubrette of the ringlets and pinafore persuasion, who makes faces and saxophone noises simultaneously, and dances like twenty jazz-mad demons, is ever with us. Miss Ella Logan, with a "Broadway Melody" voice of much power and penetration, won the customary applause awarded to pep and precocity. If this clever young lady is Scotch, as I believe she is, why these borrowed plumes? Quite a cheerful evening with Mr. Clarke scooping most of the pool. Home-made musical comedy has its points, but when will our composers acquire the art of the theme song and the "plug" stuff? They do these things better, I am afraid, in New York and Hollywood. "TRINCULO."



MISS VERA LENNOX AND MR. HAROLD FRENCH

Quarrelling, as young people always do in musical comedy, only to make it up again. Peggy catches Bobby with a lady in his arms just as he is innocently breathing the magic words, "Darling, I love you," into her ear. As this happens at the end of the first Act, a misunderstanding is inevitable. Peggy smacks Bobby's face and follows it up with his engagement ring. Miss Lennox sings and dances delightfully, and Mr. French is the pleasantest of lovers

OVER THE BILLOWY GRASS



WITH THE PYTCHLEY: MRS. HENDERSON, MISS GARRARD, AND MRS. IVOR HEDLEY LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG WITH THE BUCCLEUCH



CAPTAIN DE PRET, CAPTAIN JENKINSON, MR. JAMES BAIRD, M.F.H., AND LADY BLANDFORD

THE MARQUIS DE PARAVICINI, THE MARQUISE DE PARAVICINI, LADY MARY STUART, AND SENOR PAUL MERRY DEL VAL

LADY KESTEVEN AND HER GRAND-DAUGHTER, VIRGINIA HOWARD

All the three groups at the bottom of this page were taken the day the Cottesmore were at Wild's Lodge, and horses, even after this open season, which ought to have kept their backs down, were so full of ginger that they began the dismounted action business even before hounds had had time to have a roll on the grass. Lady Blandford, who was the Hon. Alexandra Cadogan, is one of the few who favours the swallow-tailed and very becoming hunting-coat. A good hunt was rather wrecked by an interfering sheep-dog. There was a lot of grief, including one broken arm, Miss Wyndham's. Lady Kesteven is the widow of the late Lord Kesteven, whose peerage is extinct. The Marquise de Paravicini is the Marquis's sister, and Señor Paul Merry del Val is a son of the Spanish Ambassador. Mrs. Hedley, who is in the Pytchley group, is a daughter of the late Captain W. G. Renton, who was in the 17th Lancers polo team with the late Colonel Ted Miller, Lord Ava, and others

AT HOME AND ABROAD



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION BALL

R. S. Crisp

A group of the ball stewards and their guests taken at the University Arms, Cambridge, where this most successful show was held. There were over two hundred people present, and it was the best success yet achieved

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back row, standing—Mr. Ian Campbell, Mr. Jock Gibb, Mr. G. B. Godfrey-Faussett, Mr. D. Colville, Mr. R. Abel Smith, Miss F. Blunt, Miss Judy Dowson; second row, standing—Mr. K. C. Banks, Miss M. Hodson, Mr. W. E. Barrington-Browne, Miss E. Churchill, Mr. H. Scott-Plunder, Mr. P. Brunner, Miss J. Mitchell, Baron de Rutzen, Miss S. Maitland-McGill-Crichton, Mr. C. Maitland-McGill-Crichton; third row, sitting—Mr. Christopher Fountain, Miss E. Coke, Miss Diana Gough, Mr. J. D. Green (secretary), Miss Humphreys-Owen, Lord FitzHarris (vice-president), Lady Elizabeth Fremantle, Mr. D. Morley-Fletcher (librarian), Miss A. Stewart-Sandeman; fourth row, on ground—Miss P. Warner, Miss Warner, Miss Olivia James, Mr. Hugh Berge, Miss Cuthbert, Miss Lowther, Hon. Bride Fremantle, Mr. Peter Irby, and Miss Joan Stewart-Sandeman

LORD DERBY, MR. BARRY, AND
MR. "GILLY" ELLIOTT

LADY LAVERY

LORD ROUNDWAY AND
MRS. CREASY

All three groups were taken at that pleasant spot, Cannes, where the sun is as good as the golf and the tennis. The Cannes links are quite the best on the whole Riviera, and Lord Derby and the two others in the picture were just off to sample them. Lady Lavery had just been watching her daughter, Miss Trudeau, playing in a tennis tournament. Lord Roundway used to be in the Grenadiers and commanded the 233rd Infantry Brigade in the War, in which he had a very brilliant record

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



Sobol

RHOUMA—THE GIPSY

Who is a descendant of General Ulysses Grant, President of the United States in 1868 and again in 1872, and commanded the Northern Army in the Civil War. Rhouma, who is a dancer, recently appeared in the British talkie version of "White Cargo" and has received a big offer to appear in Vienna. She will however complete her English contracts before going abroad

TRÈS CHER,—There are few exhibitions—we have a haughty way of calling these shows *salons* over here—that delight me more than the Salon des Arts Ménagers. "The Exhibition of Domestic Arts!" Sounds promising, doesn't it? Perhaps not so greatly to a man, of course, for *n'en déplaît à ce cher* Arnold Bennett, there are but few Henry Machins in this world, more's the pity, and I have seen numbers of puzzled males staring at many a labour-saving gadget and obviously wondering what on earth the adjectived contraption could possibly be for. True that there is usually a charming female in charge of the stand who is ready to explain all the elusive points and change the masculine bewilderment into enthusiastic comprehension.

It is the *little* gadgets that, above all, enchant me at the Salon. Not the Sensational Ice-making machines that are big enough to be used as stable for the Snow Queen's reindeer; not the Pluperfect Piano-Player or the Silent Vacuum Cleaner (experience has taught me that they are never silent, and I would rather go dusty than deaf!) . . . though there is something to be said for the most recent of these tympanum-tormenting terrors since it seems that it can also serve as a vibro-massage apparatus, polishing off one's epidermis as well as one's parquet. No! What I enjoy is the lone tap that serves equally for H. or C. water; the child's balloon that can be indefinitely inflated and deflated till it is as big as the child itself or as wrinkled as Grandad's face, without exploding; the mayonnaise-beater that whisks the sauce to gelatinous consistency without ever (the fabricant swears to this!) curdling it, a calamity that even the most perfect *cordons bleus* cannot always prevent; the stew-pot that never boils over; the harness that prevents the babe in its cradle or the restless adult from kicking off the bed-clothes; the . . . but my enthusiasm runs away with me, Très Chère, and perhaps you are not domestically minded!

I gather that the English translation of Colette's marvellous novel, "Chéri," has made something of a stir in England, and that the more prudish of critics have found the book somewhat strong fare. Quite! You see Colette's genius—for her work is nearly always sheer genius—is, to my mind, untranslatable (though I have, of yore, done my humble best with several of her short stories). Her French is so vivid, so supple, so perfectly beautiful that to read it in other than the original is like glancing at the synopsis that precedes the last instalment of a serial and then saying that one has read the novel. There is no real plot to any of Colette's books. She takes a few stark facts of life. Ugly facts more often than not; for life has not, I think, been particularly good to her . . . then the written word weaves magic round those facts. She makes beauty where others would be wallowing in the merely sordid. How, then, can a translation be anything else than a sort of betrayal.

The amount of tosh that has been written about Colette as a woman is incredible. Take, for instance, the following paragraph which appeared on January 20, in a London "daily" under the signature of a widely-read gossip-writer: "Colette started life as a music-hall dancer, and has described her existence on tour in a number of books. But it was her figure that was then her fortune [*sic*]. Then she married M. Gauthier-Villars. . . ." Listen, Très Cher, or rather, read: Colette is the daughter of a grand old soldier, le capitaine Colette, who lost his leg at the battle of Malagnano. He retired to the quiet little village of Saint-Sauveur, in the Burgundian country, where he married a charming widow, Madame Sidonie Landoy, who became the mother of the Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette whom we know as "Colette." All her childhood "Colette" ran wild over the countryside and browsed, unchecked, in her father's library; an omnivorous reader. During her girlhood she paid a few short visits to Paris, but it was in the little town of Chatillon-Coligny, where her step-brother was a doctor, that she met Gauthier-Villars, whom she married in 1893. He was sixteen years older than she; a sad Bohemian; a . . . but it is quite impossible for me to tell you here what G-V was . . . or wasn't! What those first few years of life in Paris must have been for the very retiring young girl that Colette was in those days one does not care to contemplate. However she survived the loss of many illusions, and even became the toast of literary Paris when, later, she wrote "Les Dialogues de Bêtes." Her salon in the rue Jacob and, after the success of the "Claudines," in the rue de Courcelles, was the rendezvous of all the "lions"—social and otherwise—of the moment, and it was only in 1906, a couple of years before she divorced Gauthier-Villars, that she appeared on the stage, and this simply because she was so placed that she had to earn her living! Voilà, Très Cher, the "troof."—PRISCILLA.



MISS ANITA PAGE IN "OUR MODERN MAIDENS"

Ruth Harriet Louise

One of America's most beautiful blondes, whom even people who are no gentlemen prefer, has had a convincing success in "Our Modern Maidens," repeating thereby her other one in "Broadway Melody." Anita Page's rise to the giddy heights of stardom has been extremely rapid, as she only made her debut early in 1928 in a production financed by the famous Harry K. Thaw. Then she attracted the attention of the Paramount Corporation, secured a "test" at Hollywood, where she was with her mother, and went straight into the lead of the film called "He Learned About Women." Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomara, and she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, with fair hair and blue eyes

'CHASING AT WARWICK

MISS ROSEMARY WILSON AND
MISS DIANA COVENTRY

COLONEL AND MRS. LITTLE

MRS. WEATHERLEY AND MRS.
DE FREVILLELADY CAHN AND MRS. WAIT
IN THE PaddockHON. MRS. GARLAND EMMET AND
MR. WARDMRS. SHARLAND AND MRS. CHARLES
FARLEY

It was only at the eleventh hour that racing at Warwick was pronounced possible on the day these pictures were taken, for at first the course looked a more fitting place for Mr. Noah's ocean liner than the steeplechase horse. The brook was over its banks, and the landing sides of some of the fences had to be reinforced with straw. However it was decided to race. Of some of those in these snapshots Miss Diana Coventry is a daughter of the late the Hon. Charles Coventry. Colonel Little, who has a house in Kington, used to be in the 20th Hussars. Lady Cahn is the wife of Sir Julien Cahn, Master of the Burton, and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet is a sister of Lord Portman, who had a horse running, as also had Captain Garland Emmet, her husband, and Mr. Ward is a familiar figure in the world of sport in Warwickshire

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ROLLING HOME FROM RIO



LORD SUFFIELD, THE HON. MRS. GAVIN HENDERSON, LADY SUFFIELD, LADY ROBERTSON,
AND SIR MALCOLM ROBERTSON

By T. Wyssard

It is reported to us that the artist also was not feeling very well when these studies were made off Lisbon aboard the M.V. "Asturias." Lady Suffield and the Hon. Mrs. Gavin Henderson are the daughters of Lord Kysant, Chairman of the R.M.S.P. Sir Malcolm Robertson is the late British Ambassador to the Argentine Republic. Lord Suffield reached the semi-finals in the ping-pong tournament, as did Lady Suffield in the putting competition, and Lady Robertson was a valiant deck tennis player



WILL YOU BE M

By A. K. M



The breath o' the morning
is flinging
His magic o'er blossom
and spray -
And Cockneys and sparrows
are singing
In chorus on Valentine's
Day

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

A. K. Macdonald

MY VALENTINE?

Macdonald

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Why not try it and let your palate judge?

With the Quorn at Old Dalby



MAJOR FILMER-SANKEY, M.F.H., AND LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY;
(Left) THE LADIES HELEN, MARGARET, AND MARY VANE-TEMPEST-STUART



SIR JOHN BURN-MURDOCH, MAJOR BURNABY, M.F.H., AND SIR HAROLD NUTTING

LADY RAVENSDALE AND Mlle. VRONSKY

From their Old Dalby Hall appointment last week the Quorn hounds gave their followers quite a good day, the best of it being a fast fifty minutes over the Wartnaby and Saxelbye country from Welby Osiers. The going was exceedingly deep and horses had a hard time of it. Though the three younger daughters of Lord and Lady Londonderry were not riding they were very quick on their feet and saw the start of the fun. Major Filmer-Sankey and his wife often have a dart with the Quorn on a Monday as the South Notts don't hunt on that day. Major Burnaby has been Master of the Quorn since 1919 (for nine seasons jointly with the late Mr. W. E. Paget), and is a superman at the job. His onerous duties are to be shared next season by Sir Harold Nutting, the ex-Master of the Meynell. Major-General Sir John Burn-Murdoch, who is Colonel of the Royals, lives at Normanton-on-Soar, and knows everybody in Leicestershire. So does Lady Ravensdale who spends most of the hunting months at Sandy Lane, her house at Melton. With her in the snapshot is the brilliant young pianiste, Mlle. Vronsky, a new star in the musical firmament. She comes from the Ukraine and gave a recital last month at the Albert Hall

WEDDING BELLS AT

For Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton and



CAPTAIN A. MACGREGOR-WHITTON, MISS ISMAY CRICHTON-STUART, AND MR. ALASTAIR ANDERSON



WITH THE GIGANTIC CAKE: THE BRIDE AND (inset) THE BRIDEGROOM

SALISBURY

Mr. Drummond-Hay



ARRIVING AT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: LORD AND LADY LEIGH



SIR MALCOLM AND LADY McALPINE



MRS. WRIGHT AND PRISCILLA, LADY ANNESLEY



MR. AND MRS. DICK KELLAND

Nearly two thousand people were present in Salisbury Cathedral when Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton became the bride of Mr. James Drummond-Hay, the eldest son of the late Colonel G. A. G. R. Drummond-Hay of Seggieden, Perthshire. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's second daughter, who was given away by her brother, Lord Clydesdale, looked quite entrancing in her gold and silver gown and headed a procession of three pages and sixteen bridesmaids. A tremendously enthusiastic welcome from huge crowds massed outside awaited the smiling young couple as they left the cathedral, and later the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton held a reception at Ferne. A few of the countless guests appear on this page. Miss Ismay Crichton-Stuart is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart and a niece of Lord Bute. Lord and Lady Leigh are well-known Warwickshire personalities, and Sir Malcolm McAlpine, K.B.E., is a son of Sir Robert McAlpine. Few big social functions are complete without Priscilla, Lady Annesley, whose sumptuous furs did full justice to the occasion



Hay Wrightson

LADY VICTORIA VILLIERS WITH MISS ANGELA, MISS ISABEL, AND MISS ROSAMOND VILLIERS



Hay Wrightson

LADY. ROSEMARY RYAN

PERSONALITY IN PORTRAITURE

Lady Victoria Villiers, a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe, is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Hyde Villiers, and lives at Folly Court in Berkshire. Her husband, who was at one time in the Blues, is one of H.M.'s Corps of Gentlemen at Arms. He has served in several campaigns, and during the European War commanded the City of London Yeomanry with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, and later the Suffolk Yeomanry. Colonel and Lady Victoria Villiers' family consists of two sons and four daughters, the elder of whom appear here. Lord Erroll's attractive only sister was Lady Rosemary Hay before she married Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Ryan, C.M.G., D.S.O., in 1924. She knows Coblenz well, having spent the first five years of her married life there, and her position as wife of the Deputy British High Commissioner of the Rhineland Commission was an important one. Colonel Ryan is the late Major-General Sir Charles Ryan's son. Lady Basing and her children, the Hons. Diana, Barbara, and Gabrielle Schlater-Booth, were photographed at Hoddington House, the family place near Basingstoke. Lady Basing is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Richard Erle Benson. Her husband, who is the 3rd Baron, used to be in the Royals



Miss Compton Collier

LADY BASING AND HER DAUGHTERS



THE OLD BLUES XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which put the United Services out 18 to 0 at Fairlop. The names, left to right, are: Standing—R. A. Jones, J. Garrard, P. G. Wyatt, H. F. Taylor, J. M. Young, P. S. Osborne, T. J. Jennings, W. G. Weeks; seated—R. E. Peters, H. E. R. Wales, T. N. Pearce (vice-captain), A. C. Bennett (captain), W. W. Neilson, N. K. Payne, and E. M. Undery

IT is a long time since the value of accurate place-kicking was so strikingly demonstrated as it was in the semi-final for the County Championship, when H. Boughton, the Gloucester full-back, kicked three fine penalty goals, to win the match for the Westerners. Not one of the three was an easy shot, and the first two were a long way out. Boughton took a shortish run and never took his eyes off the ball. He was very particular about placing it, and it was noticeable that when the ball was placed for him, after M. A. McCanlis had scored for Gloucester, his effort was a very poor affair.

Middlesex quite deserved to lose the game, for their offences against the offside rule were absurdly obvious, and not even their keenest partisans could grumble. Mr. F. G. Stephens of the North Midlands refereed very well, though once or twice he let Key off when that young gentleman, getting hustled by the opposing forwards, had recourse to kicking the ball back into the scrumage.

Boughton was not the only good full-back on view, for J. G. Bradford from Rosslyn Park played a very fine defensive game. He went down to the rushes of the Gloucester forwards with immense pluck, and his kicking was excellent at times. Apart from him and, of course, J. S. Reeve, the home back division was strictly moderate, and H. C. Laird was sorely missed, as was the personality of W. W. Wakefield from the forwards, who seemed without a leader.

The last time I remember three penalty goals deciding a game was in a Test Match between Australia and New Zealand just after the All Blacks' successful tour here. Australia won by 9 points, 3 penalty goals, the culprit in each instance being Porter, the All Black Captain over here, who was not given a place, if memory serves, in any of the International matches with the home countries. Apparently the All Black selectors knew something.

Interest in our game with France is increasing enormously, and there will be very little room to spare at Twickenham next week. These lines are perforce being written before our match with Ireland, but whether we have won or lost, the Frenchmen will be desperately keen. If Ireland has beaten us they will see the championship actually within their grasp for the first time, and they will take a lot of holding. But somehow I do not think they will gain their first victory at Twickenham this year. As for the Welsh match which is to be played at Colombes, the Frenchmen seem to have no doubt as to the result.

Rugby Ramblings

Yet Scotland only narrowly defeated Wales the other day by that dropped goal by H. Waddell, the greatest drop-goal specialist of the day now that Albert Jenkins of Llanely has practically retired. Jenkins almost pulled the Scotch match out of the fire in 1921 in that historic game when the crowds broke into the field of play at Swansea, by far the most disorderly scene I have ever known at a Rugby match. Only the firm determination of the referee, Mr. John Baxter, made it possible for the game to be finished, and it is quite likely that Wales would have won had not the crowd broken in once more at a critical moment and enabled the Scottish side to take a much-needed breather.

If ever a man tried to win a match off his own bat, Jenkins did that day. As a final resource he took to dropping at goal from all ranges and angles, and he brought off two beauties besides narrowly missing half-a-dozen others. Waddell, too, has his triumphs to look back upon, for he has several dropped goals to his credit, and one at least decided an England v. Scotland game. Apart from his match-winning effort he does not appear to have reached his old standard against Wales, but for all that we shall be rather relieved if he does not turn out at Twickenham in March.

Dropping at goal can of course be carried to excess, and it is often bad policy to throw away a good position gained by prolonged effort by attempting a difficult drop at goal. No doubt the fact that a dropped goal beats a try is often responsible for such an error of judgment, and every now and then there is an outcry about it. Still some of us would be sorry to see its value reduced, and if it must be altered it should certainly equal a try in value, and not be reduced to two points only.

A good many years ago now some misguided individual in the West Country offered a prize to the first individual who should drop three goals in one match. Forthwith there set in an epidemic of dropping at goal, much to the detriment of the game in general, and this went on until M. H. Toller of Barnstaple at last brought off the treble, after which peace prevailed once more.

"LINE-OUT."



GUY'S HOSPITAL XV

R. S. Crisp

Who are not greatly fancied at the moment for the Hospitals Cup. This actual team was badly knocked out by Gloucester the other day 14-0. The names, left to right, are: Back row—W. G. Morgan, L. Wailer, A. G. Johnson, K. P. Smith, J. S. Batchelor, J. E. Giesen, J. Kunavsky, J. Howell; front row—R. A. Hogbin, G. F. Lashmore, J. R. Popplewell, Windsor H. Lewis (captain), C. D. Malone, D. F. Ryan, and T. Morgan



A lissome, slender tailleur—charming, but unorthodox, for it is unlined . . . the secret of the suave fitting lies only in the cut. The severity of hard white piqué at collar and cuff but emphasises the supple softness of the material

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DANIEL

Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

I HAVE been approached by those on this paper, to whom I will refer generically as "The Authorities," to tackle a very delicate subject—a request to all those who are about to be snapshotted (for publication in the pleasant pages of THE TATLER), or even those who may be contemplating enriching, and if I may say so, beautifying these pages, to try to cultivate an expression a little bit less suggestive of a desire to bite the photographer than that which seems to have become the general habit. Although fully recognising, as I do, how extremely difficult it is to look pleasant when being photographed, I quite see the aforesaid Authorities' point of view, but I confess that all my sympathy is with the victims. Even in what is called a "studio" portrait few people ever convey the idea that they are free from care. They do not nowadays, it is true, put that hay-fork thing behind your head which would have made even Solon or Solomon do a village idiot act if photography had then been in fashion, but in other ways things are quite as exasperating. How can anyone hope to look full of beans and benevolence after being told to "moisten the lips and smile naturally?" Result: a sickly smirk or the grin of the congenital anthropoid ape. All the same, where snapshots are concerned—even wedding ones—I think a little bonhomie, if possible of introduction, would be a slight improvement upon the "My godfathers, if I could get at you with a stick" mien, which is seen upon so many usually pleasant and comely countenances the moment a camera heaves in sight.



Vivyan Poole
HARRY BEASLEY, P. BEASLEY, AND A. COTTERILL

Three well-known artists of the pigskin who are all hunting with the Limerick this season, the pack of which Atty Persse is Joint Master

A friend of mine who goes in for, I gather, market gardening or something like that in a gay place called Politsi in the Northern Transvaal, writes to me offering a quite unique Nelson relic—a copy of "The Times" of November 7, 1805, containing Collingwood's despatch after Trafalgar, announcing the death of Nelson. I don't know what the market value of this sort of thing is, but I should say not inconsiderable, especially as I am told that the copy is in a state of perfect preservation. Anyone interested might write to me and I will send the letter on. My friend concludes:

Lord, how we have all laughed here over your story of the tightish lad who mistook Big Ben for a weighing-machine. That was a beauty and as it coincided with the news that mere-cats, hawks, and other woeful circumstances had accounted for the loss of quite a considerable number of my best laying hens, I was considerably cheered thereby.

That story was perfectly true. The actor in it was one of my oldest and boldest friends.

I hear that the Beaufort Polo Club's season will open with all the "heads"—almost—on the premises. The Hon. F. E. Guest has taken a house for the spring, and Mr. Laddie Sanford (with twenty ponies), Sir Ian Walker, Major Philip Magor, Mr. Alex Philippi, Mr. Harry Lyons, the Hon. Henry Mond, Major Rex Benson, Sir John Ramsden and the Bulstrode team, Mr. Alfred Grisar and his team, and many more are mentioned. The Club is holding a fortnight's tournament at the end of April. (Continued on p. vi)



THE SOUTH NOTTS AND RUFFORD COMBINE FORCES

Howard Barrett

A group taken at Holly Lodge, Oxtou, Notts. Sitting—Miss de la Rue, Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey (Joint Master of the South Notts), Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, Mr. T. L. Bradley (Master of the Rufford), Mrs. Owen Taylor (Joint Master of the South Notts), Mrs. Harry Sherbrooke, Mrs. Bourne, Miss Betty S. Coke; standing—Captain H. G. Sherbrooke, —, Colonel Deane, Mrs. Spalding, Captain Benjamin, Major Spalding, Miss V. McCraith, Miss Wray, Miss Warrand, Miss Seely, Miss Tomasson, Mrs. Merton, the Hon. Mrs. John Boot, Mr. Houfton, Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. R. L. Francklin, Mr. Pearson, Mrs. McCraith, Mrs. W. E. Seely, Rev. Cyril Walker, and Colonel P. H. Warwick



A beautiful cloth of cool green Old Bleach damask, woven in a formal leaf design that is very effective in a modern setting.

THE VOGUE FOR TABLE CLOTHS

DAMASK

REAPPEARS IN NEW AND LOVELIER FORMS

Is there a man who will not sigh with relief to be rid of the tiresome table-mats, with their way of slipping from under hot plates and endangering the table's treasured polish?

As for women, the enthusiasm with which they are greeting the change shows how many have been secretly regretting their damask table-cloths. But we are not merely returning to a white uniform for the table. Modern damask, glowing in soft shades of every imaginable colour, enables a clever hostess to arrange an infinite number of lovely and original settings. She can choose cloths to blend with the colour scheme of her dining-room . . . with her glass and china . . . even with her gowns. She can have them, if she prefers, adorned with exquisite posies of hand-painted flowers.

All this is so new an idea that there is a great demand for the excellent handbook on the new damask which the Old Bleach Linen Company has brought out. It contains valuable suggestions for new forms of table decoration, and coloured illustrations of some of the Old Bleach tinted damasks. Write to the Old Bleach Linen Company, Randalstown, Northern Ireland, for a copy.

OLD BLEACH LINEN

The lovely texture of Old Bleach linen is almost everlasting. It is bleached on the grass by sun and wind in the old, old way that keeps all the suppleness and lustre of the flax. And the delicate colours are guaranteed sunfast and washfast.

Furniture by Curtis Moffatt, Ltd.



MR. AND MRS. EMIL JANNINGS

An unusual and charmingly domestic picture of one of the film's greatest and his pretty wife, taken in Vienna. Emil Jannings was born in New York of German parents, and commenced his acting career at the tender age of ten. In his first film part he had to jump from a bridge for the munificent sum of thirty pieces of silver

AN impecunious Irishman was on the look-out for a cheap hunter. Hearing that a neighbouring farmer had a decent blood-horse to sell, he went to inspect it. At length he said, "Well, I'll give you 50 guineas for him. I'd offer more, but he seems to be suffering from some affection of one eye."

"Tcha," said the farmer, "there's nothing the matter wid his eye at all. It's only him that's givin' me the wink that 50 guineas is damn absurd."

"Can you give me any idea as to when this house is going to be finished?" asked the future owner. "You see I've arranged to be married as soon as the house is complete."

The foreman builder looked sympathetic. "Don't worry about that, sir," was his reply, "we'll 'ang the job out as long as we can."

"How's old Smith getting on?" asked Brown of his friend. "I've not seen him for ages."

"He's not been feeling very well lately," replied the other. "He's had to keep to a very strict diet—just a little of certain food."

"What's wrong with him? Indigestion?"

"No, in prison."

Quite recently a colonial gentleman went to St. Andrews for a holiday. He had a faint idea of how to play golf. Engaging a caddie, he proceeded to go round the course. When driving the first tee he knocked the ball about 5 yards, and after this he could not take a drive without lifting turf. His caddie became irritated and said, "Hi, sir, whar did ye learn to play golf?"

"In Australia," replied the crestfallen player.

"Well, sir," quoth this modern Job's comforter, "If ye gang on in the way ye're dacin' ye'll soon be hame."

A woman of uncertain vocal attainments deemed it her vocation not merely to lead but also to drown the efforts of the village choir. The choir rose in protest and asked the vicar to inform the offender that she must sing

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

more in harmony. Calling on her as soon as he could brace himself up for the unpleasant duty, the vicar said blandly: "And now, Miss R., I have been asked to say a word to you about your singing——"

"Don't mention it," the chorister broke in. "Not to me be the praise—it's a gift!"

During the course of the trial things became a little heated. "You seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered the Counsel, cross-examining a witness.

"If I wasn't on oath I'd return the compliment," retorted the witness.

The two following stories are taken from Mr. Ralph Frost's amusing book "What Cheer?":—

"A coloured minister who had travelled a little had become much impressed with some of the ceremonials he had witnessed in other churches, and decided that he would try the effect of incense on his congregation. He took one of his deacons aside, and instructed him in the way it should be done. The incense was to be put in an old meat tin with an improvised handle, and lit in the porch as soon as the congregation became seated. Then, at a signal from the minister the deacon was to walk up the aisle swinging the tin in the orthodox manner. During the service the signal was given, but nothing happened. After two or three ineffective repetitions, the minister chanted the words, 'Oh whar, oh whar, am de incense pot?' And from the back of the church his deacon intoned the response, 'It's down in de aisle, 'cos it's too dam' hot!'"

"A young bride had four umbrellas given her as wedding presents, and decided that she would change one of them for a walking-stick for her husband. She took the umbrella to the shop from whence it came and asked that it might be changed. The young lady assistant said she was afraid that it could not be done. 'Why not?' asked the bride. 'The name of your shop is on that label.' 'Yes,' said the assistant, 'but that is a label for re-covering.'"



MISS ALICE DAY AND MR. JACK MULHALL

In a scene in the film "In the Next Room." Miss Alice Day was born in Colorado and started her movie career by being a Mack Sennett bathing belle. After that she leapt to fame. Mr. Jack Mulhall was for a long time with the Biograph Stock Company, which included Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, and other great celebrities of the present day

Beauty kept beautiful



and protected by Pond's

There are times in every day when a woman feels she is not looking her best—she feels tired. It is at such moments that *Pond's Vanishing Cream* is invaluable. Just a touch of this exquisite cream and you are secure in the knowledge that your skin has a delightful freshness rivalling that of the most famous beauties of the world.

Besides adding to the beauty of a woman's complexion, *Pond's Vanishing Cream* renders a sure protection to the skin against the spoiling effect of cold weather, fog and high winds, and forms a most reliable base for powder, a base that allows the powder to go on evenly, and stay on in perfect condition.

As a companion to *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, you will find *Pond's Cold Cream* invaluable. Every night and as often as necessary during the day, cleanse face, neck and hands with this soothing, emollient cream. The pure oils sink into the pores beyond the reach of soap and water, and dissolve and bring to the surface every speck of impurity which has gathered there to spoil the clear freshness of your complexion. The removal of the soiled cream leaves your skin supple and soft, and your complexion clear and colourful. Use these creams regularly and notice how beautiful they keep the skin.



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Pond's Vanishing Cream, Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3,
Tubes 1/- and 6d.

For sample tubes of both creams, send 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 46) 103 St. John St., London, E.C.1.

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Crude Fuel.

IT is really very charming to see how one or two of our esteemed contemporaries can make a genuine song and dance when they discover something that, to say the least of it, is not entirely new. If you, dear reader, have been so impressed by monstrous headlines and the banging of the Carmelite drum that you imagine your 1930 motor-car, which consumes petrol for its fuel, is already out of date, I strongly advise you to take a pull at yourself and to give yourself the consolation that it is not. The car may be out of date right enough, but we shall be using light fuels for many years to come. That is written with no view to disparaging the value of Mr. Louis Coatalen's new Diesel-type motor, which, by the way, made its first public appearance at the Aircraft Exhibition at Olympia some months ago. With his characteristic cleverness he has devised something really good, and for my own part I can see an enormous and an immediate future for it in the air. Even supposing that heavy fuel oil might have serious disadvantages as a motive power—which I am not for a moment pretending that it has—it would be well worth while as a means of propulsion up in the sky, where the risk of fire is perhaps the only important one that now has to be faced. Of course the Diesel-type engine—which is the most logical form of prime mover ever devised—is going to come some day, but I think it will come to terrestrial transport via the air, so to speak; the fact of the matter being that the petrol engine of to-day is really so extraordinarily good that its place will not be taken by anything, however meritorious, without a struggle. By the way, I cannot help thinking that some of these daily papers do an ill service to automobilism by shouting so loud about new things. About three years since I met a delightful old chap who was just going to buy a new car when he read about something that was going to revolutionise motor-manufacture. He believed what he saw in print, and he is still waiting for that wonderful contrivance. And he will go on waiting for his legitimate span, for the truth is the wonderful contrivance will not work. But to return for a moment to the heavy fuel sort of engine, there is one thing that we must bear in mind, and that is that the day of very, very much cheaper motoring will never be allowed to dawn without certain important and interested people taking a hand with a big brush in laying on the appropriately roseate hues. When I first started motoring, "petrol" (I put it in inverted commas because it really is a proprietary name) cost about fifteen pence for two gallons. You could not get it everywhere, but it was certainly cheap, the reason being

that it was a by-product. A few people used it for cleaning fabrics and that kind of thing, but the main product was paraffin. Now a little over twenty years have seen a complete reversal of these conditions. It is "petrol" that is the main product and petroleum that is the by-product, the latter having been badly knocked by the extension of electric lighting facilities. But whilst this change has been taking place those who govern our oil supplies have not been worrying. They are quite happy to give us just exactly what we want, and they seem to be getting on pretty well, thank you. Is it not at least probable that, when the heavy fuel engine comes more and more into vogue, as indeed it is doing, then that heavy oil will show a tendency to go up in price! It is at the present time something less than sixpence per gallon, because there is more than enough of it to supply the demand, but there is no guarantee whatsoever that it will indefinitely stay at or near that figure. Intensely do I admire the work of Mr. Coatalen and his coadjutors up at Wolverhampton; they have made a big stride forward in Diesel engine progress. But it is (and I am sure they will agree with me in this) too early to talk of revolutionary changes in car propulsion. Take it from me that you can go on using a petrol car for quite a long time yet.

Really Bad.

What is the unforgivable sin in a modern motor-car? I would say without hesitation failure to start when the requisite button is pressed by the forefinger, or the requisite pedal pushed with the foot. Cases in which the float-chamber is dry, or the juice not turned on, do not count, for they are not the car's fault. Is there anything in the world better calculated to produce an unbroken stream of the finest blasphemy than this combination of circumstances. A stouter button that simply does nothing when it is pressed, although the battery is fully charged, and a nasty little high-compression engine (magneto fired) that only a most dexterous and beefy fellow can swing. Yes, no doubt you have guessed it; a comic little electrical

gadget called a solenoid, carefully hidden under the floorboards, had gone wrong. It was a sealed-up job, and short of smashing it to pieces, no one could get at its "innards." And nothing would induce it to work. I tried encouraging it with light taps from a hammer, but it gave no sign of

animation. Presently I walloped it good and hearty, and still it would not move. Half an hour afterwards there was to be seen, by anyone who had been at the right place at the right time, a thoroughly modern British motor-car being pushed along a wet country road in order that its recalcitrant engine might be induced to start. This is not good enough. It seems to me that some of

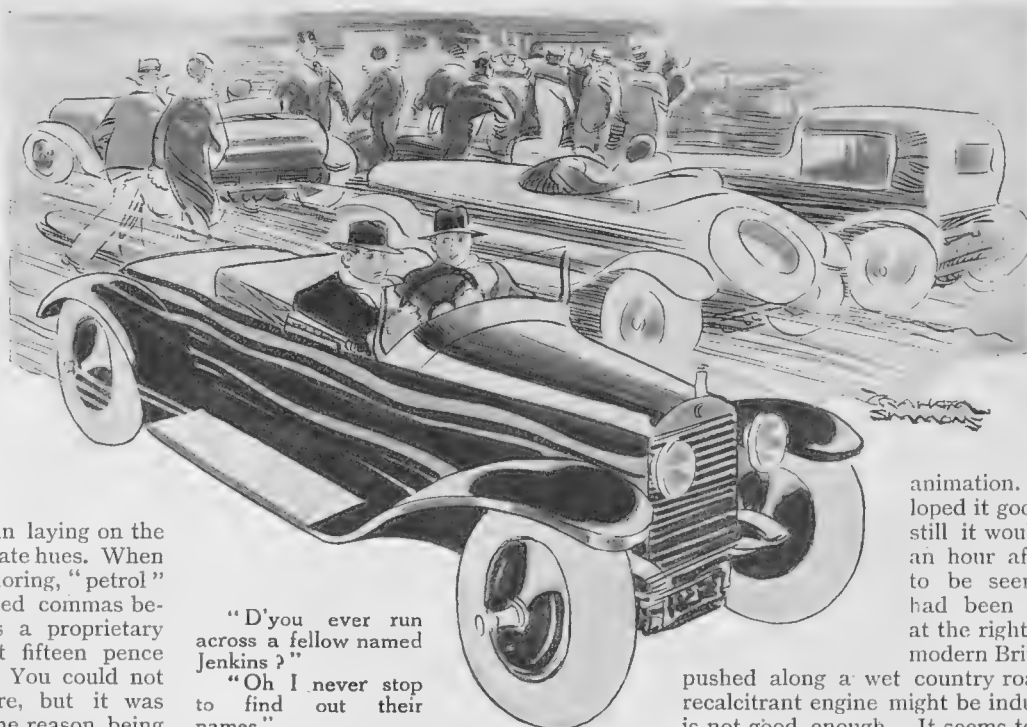
(Continued on p. xii)



LORD BURGHERSH

Compton Collier

Following in father's footsteps at the early age of six. Lord Burghersh is the son and heir of the Earl of Westmorland, who is so well known as an ex-G.R., an owner-trainer, and with the Beaufort hounds. This excellent picture was taken at Lyegrove, Badminton



"D'you ever run across a fellow named Jenkins?"
"Oh I never stop to find out their names"

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



LADIES PREFER SHELL

A recent statistical enquiry shows that three out of every four lady motorists use Shell in preference to any other competitive grade of motor fuel, which is yet another proof of the accuracy of feminine intuition

THE MINIATURES

By "Roamer"



"Ashkar, the heroine
of the match"

THEY were all much of a size—an even lot in fact, scarcely one of them over 14 hands, gallant looking little ponies, all the property of the men from near the Border country some distance south of Abyssinia—soldiers in an outpost-station. It had taken a great deal of time and trouble for them to organise the transport of their ponies to the venue of the Christmas Polo Tournament, but they were out to win a much-coveted trophy in the form of the Junior Cup—four nice sizeable cups supported by three crossed polo sticks in silver. The games they played, these soldiers, will remain ever green in my memory.

It may sound strange to the polo player of this country when he reads that these ponies started on their journey thirty days before the tournament. The player in this country can have his ponies transported to the Continent if he so wish within a few hours.

Exactly thirty days before the commencement of the tournament there was a great commotion in the outpost station at dawn on the morning of the trek. Native orderlies clad in khaki shorts and blue jerseys could be seen dashing to and fro, from stables to officers' quarters. The whole station was astir. Syces were there dashing along with buckets, boots, bandages, stable rubbers, polo sticks, and all the impedimenta without which no polo player is complete. They were off at last down the dusty track which wound away through the grey sage-like bush to more open country, twenty of them in all. As I saw them walk away I felt fairly confident that they would achieve that which they had set out to do so gallantly, namely to win that Junior Cup. But they were to be up against a strong class, and when you consider that the batch, I have described aggregated no more than £600 in value at the outside, it made you think. They were to meet teams on ponies which in one chukker alone would nearly have totalled that figure. But I had seen them at work under their colonel on their own ground four afternoons a week, and there is not a doubt but that colonel, a fine horseman, despite the fact that he was handicapped by the loss of his left hand, occasioned during the War, knew the game and knew it well. He possessed that very rare gift of being able to coach a team during a game.

We had seen them arrive after their 200-mile journey on foot, covered with dust, accompanied by their syces, some of whom rode, while others, finding their ponies tiring, took the hint and walked them for a spell, for these syces were soldiers too. They were well called "The Miniatures," for that was the name the Colonel had given to his team. Everything had gone favourably *en route*, and ponies and men could have a well-earned breather before the play commenced.

And so the festive week had arrived; the first games were to be played on the morrow. During the evening at the club, full now with teams from up-country consisting of planters,

farmers, and here and there a country doctor, I was in conversation with a member of an up-country team. "You know," said he, "I rather fancy that these soldier-fellows will pull this event off, and good luck to 'em. Have you seen the ponies? Frightfully small, but as handy as cats I hear. They are well named."

We chatted for some time and then departed to our respective hosts with whom we were staying to dinner, and so to an early bed to dream of what the morrow might bring forth. The day dawned—as all days will on the Equator—and soon the sun was in a cloudless sky. I awoke with a start and snatched at my cup of tea which had been put there only a minute before by my boy. "Stables," thought I, and made off at once to where our ponies were stabled on the polo ground. I had that feeling of self-satisfaction that most of us get when we think we are the first up to a job, but my soldier friends forestalled me, for two of them were there. They were going to take it in turns on alternate mornings—organisation! Their ponies were going to exercise, and would return to clean straw; yes, there was no doubt about it, these fellows were leaving nothing undone. The polo ground that afternoon was a blaze of colour, fashioned by the gaily-coloured frocks and sunshades of the womenfolk, and the brightly-attired native band, each member wearing his tar-bush. Members of teams, ably assisted by their wives, were rushing hither and thither, using round language to native syces, who had forgotten everything they should have remembered and remembered everything they could have reasonably forgotten, or so it seemed. The Junior Cup was to be played for on the American tournament system, and as chukker succeeded chukker all eyes, both of spectators and players, were eagerly cast in the direction of the score board. One team had been outstanding that afternoon and possessed an easy lead, but they had not yet met the Miniatures.

Great applause greeted the soldiers as they took the field on their tiny mounts, and one particularly robust and lengthy member looked somewhat out of place on a small dark bay mare which could not have measured more than 13.3. Their first round was a marked success, and it did not take the onlookers long to realise what a performance the Miniatures could put up. They completely outplayed their opponents in the first match and could have won without their handicap allowance. For four afternoons during that week play continued, until the climax was reached on the afternoon of the fifth day, when the final of this particular cup was to take place. The soldiers found themselves in the final. Although they had come equipped with five ponies apiece this average had gradually dwindled owing to leg trouble and other ills of a minor

(Continued on p. 17)



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Finally, let him be pleasantly aware while doing all this, that, until he signifies unreserved approval, the question of purchase will not arise.

Dress Coat	-	-	7 gns.	Waistcoat	-	-	30/-
Dinner Jacket	4½ & 6 gns.	Trousers	-	-	-	-	45/-

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THE "NEW TAILORING" — The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth



Miss Bayliss, Miss Gourlay, Miss Potter,
and Miss Bastin watching the Surrey
L.C.G.A. trial match at Wentworth

Eve at

I WOULD not like to be too dogmatic about it, because beauty

Golf : By ELEANOR E. HELME

is an evasive thing, and no two people will agree about it, but I am rather under an impression that I have found the most beautiful golf course in the British Isles. That may be a wild and rash statement; my judgment may have been influenced by a variety of things, particularly the glory of the first day of 1930, when it was warm enough to walk slowly at several hundreds of feet above sea level with nothing thicker than a jersey between you and the winds of heaven. Let me, for instance, hasten to add that I did not play over the course, and cannot therefore speak from a strictly golfing point of view. If I were doing so the statement would doubtless be more than rash, for, after all, there are a few courses better known to fame and glory, such as St. Andrews, Prestwick, Royal County Down, Formby, Sunningdale, Woodhall Spa, to mention only a very few, and quite at random.

I do not somehow seem to remember that the Scottish Championship has ever been played at this course to which I lost my heart yesterday, and I rather doubt if it will be in the near future, though I have a lurking feeling that there are at least some holes on it which would prove better than a selection on some courses which have been visited before now. The lie of the land was inviting, so was the authentic Scottish burn; the sheep-grazed turf was springy to walk on, and there was a figure to be seen in the distance working very energetically on one of the greens. Moreover the lay-out of the course would appear to follow the latest theories of green-keeping as expressed by Mr. Simpson and Mr. Wethered, senior, in their recent book. There is no horrible array of bunkers to affright the rabbit nor to help the tiger in his cruel task of judging distance down to the last three feet; one fancied (again I speak without having made practical trial) that it might be possible for a bad shot to be its own sufficient punishment. But again, perhaps that was largely because the day was so beautiful that it was impossible to imagine anything cruel or revengeful, like a bunker which trapped even a very bad shot.

On the way to the course there had been a sight of Arran which alone would have been worth a journey to the west coast of Scotland—Arran, standing out the brightest, most brilliant blue against a pale, almost primrose sky out of which the mist of a frosty morning had just cleared. Each jagged peak in the outline was

clear-cut as if of cardboard; over the highest peak hung one small steely-blue cloud. It reminded one irresistibly of an evening at Turnberry, and a portion of a round played there after dinner one summer's night when Arran, seen from the other side, looked for all the world as if some theatrical painter had been told to produce the most beautiful sea, hill, and sunset scene he could imagine, quite regardless of probability. Arran, that evening and yesterday afternoon, seemed almost too lovely to be real. Arran is beloved of golfers; not for itself, perhaps, but just for those recollections of the view from Troon, from Turnberry, from all that blessed string of coast courses; the view of it was enough to set the golfer reminiscing.

Then soon reminiscence gave way to the present; we were at the golf course, and we had it to ourselves. A few sheep placidly lying on one green, the gulls who had been following the plough a little way back and now circled in the air, were the only sign of life. And then up, up, across a tee, over a plateau green, skirting a fairway, with the highest point of the course for objective. Spread out to the south and west was one glorious panorama of river and loch and hill; the Clyde, a golden highway to the west, stretched on our left hand; straight in front Strone stood out like the enchanted castle of a fairy tale against the pale sun-smitten waters of the Holy Loch; to the right were the still, dark waters of Loch Long, with the hills running down so steeply to them that it looked as if Strone and Ardentinn must almost be pushed off into the loch itself. And what hills!

The sun bathed such slopes, as he could reach in almost golden light, making each little crumple and crease stand out till you felt you might put a finger in them; the sides where shadow lay on them were blue, such deep blue that it was almost dazzling, and beyond, looking down the valleys or peering over the tops, were higher peaks yet, with a powdering of snow. As one climbed, leaving the course below, each step brought a fresh peak into sight; you looked away for a moment, as grouse getting up under your feet kuk-kuked you into startled inattention, and when you looked back again, lo and behold another peak still, higher and whiter than the last, had appeared over the far ridge. Over it all was brilliant sun, and the sweet, strong scent of mountain air. A last pull, and the golf links were out of sight,

and you were alone with the grouse, the heather, the sun and the sky.

A little farther, and there was a babbling stream between rocky banks, finding its way from those moors down to the village, and so to make its tiny contribution to the Clyde. You looked round again, down the Clyde, towards Arran. But Arran had vanished; it was only a fleeting thing, that vision, and now the mists were down again over the outer stretches of the Firth.

But seen once can be seen again. Yes, I shall go back to that golf course amongst the west coast hills, travelling by that most romantic of crafts, a little Clyde steamer proudly bearing her legend, "Served during the Great War as a mine-sweeper." (She will land me at Cove or Kilcreggan, and thence I shall go on foot, as all pilgrims should go to the Craigownie G.C.)



Miss J. Horrocks (left) beat Miss S. Bailey 1 up in the Surrey Trial held recently at Wentworth. "A" team won by 5½ matches to 3½

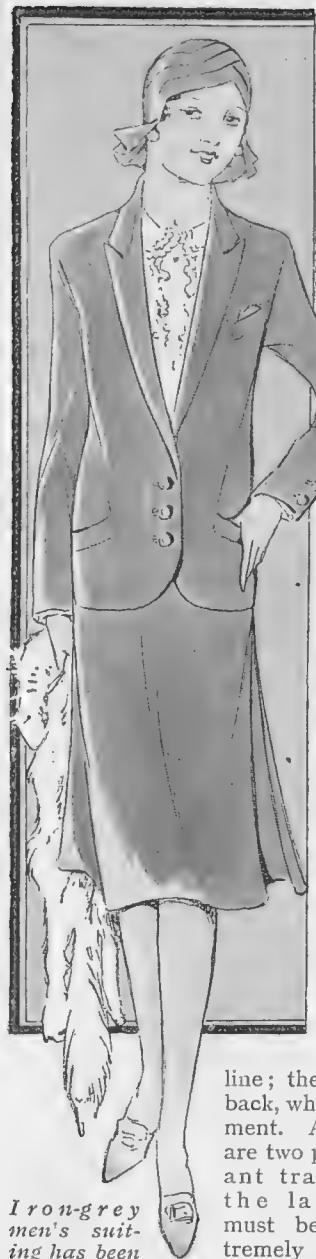
A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON



BLIMP, Flight Commander. Born 1890. *Educ.* : Aerated Correspondence College, etc. Fought in the Mexican Presidential Election, 1911 (Order of St. Vitus) and commanded Battalion at Chinese Peace Conference. (Order of Very Distinguished Public Benefactors and Revolution Fomenters). *Clubs* : Rowton House. *Recreation* : Worthington.

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Iron-grey men's suiting has been used for this tailor-made. The skirt is arranged with a hip-yoke, and the coat with long revers and three buttons. It was designed and carried out by Nedwed, 22, Sloane Street, S.W.

draperies over the hips—indeed it gives the impression of overmuch fussiness; the coat of velvet which accompanies it is generously trimmed with ruches. Kay Hammond's afternoon dress is of shot blue and green lace; there is a metal effect about it which with the changing lights suggests beetle-wings. The skirt is arranged with flounces, while the long sleeves have quaint little saucer cuffs.

The Decorative Selvedge.

Simplicity is the salient feature of the dress worn by Marjory Clarke; she takes the part of the manager of the dress-making section of the shop. The

"Dress Does Make a Difference."

THE dress interest is very strong in Mrs. C. B. Cochran's production of from *Nine Till Six* at the Apollo Theatre. It may well be described as an Adamless Eden, as there are sixteen women in the cast and not a single man. That dress does make a difference is plainly shown by the mannequins, as in the dressing-room they are seen in the loveliest of raiment as well as in their own frocks and wraps. Sunday Wilshin looked superb in a model evening dress of lacquer-red and gold brocade. In front the corsage is carried to a point (as a matter of fact it suggests a half-handkerchief) to the base of the neck; the point is attached to a coral necklace; at the back there are braces of coral, the fabric being entirely cut away. The skirt is very long and is draped on Empire lines.

A Study in Black Velvet.

A perfect foil to Sunday Wilshin's dress is the one of black velvet worn by Frances Clark. The corsage is so high in front that the collar-bones are concealed, and there is a slight pouch above the normal waist-line; there is a "V"-shaped hiatus at the back, which is finished with a diamond ornament. At the back as well as in front there are two pendant trains; the latter must be extremely difficult to wear gracefully. Another mannequin, Petra Charpentier, wears a dress of a totally different genre; it is of chameleon shot taffeta, there are bows and



Shady hats are the harbingers of spring. The trio pictured bear the name of Walmar. The one at the base is of pandan trimmed with felt, while the others are of Chinese hemp

fabricating medium is a dark-blue woollen fabric flecked with white; the blue and white selvedge is used for decorative purposes. A very novel note is the half-bolero effect emphasised with the selvedge. The collar, about 3 in. high, faced with piqué, is turned back in front in the true Gladstone manner; the cuffs are likewise of white piqué; the scheme is completed with a double silver-fox stole and a blue felt hat relieved with touches of the selvedge. In another scene she wears a jumper-suit; the very short skirt is of black velvet; the tunic-jumper is of black satin patterned with white crown spots; a narrow belt draws attention to the raised waist-line.

The Cardigan Again.

When Mary Lincoln, as Lady Avonlaye, visits the shops she wears a fashionable coat-frock carried out in sand-coloured marocain; insertions are arranged over the hips, therefore the "moulding" effect is present; there are panels of pleats at the sides; her brown felt Russian turban is exactly the same shade as her sables. Frances Clare, her daughter, who later on becomes a mannequin, appears in an apple-green and white flecked suit; the dress is trimmed with large page-boy buttons, and is innocent of sleeves; the cardigan has sleeves and is worn open. An important feature is a green and white crêpe de chine scarf; the portion which encircles the column of the throat is quite narrow, the fan-shaped ends being quite 15 in. wide.

The Cape Invades the Domain of Lingerie.

Much interest has been aroused by a Parisian tweed suit. I believe the creator was Molyneux. It consisted of a neat dress, the skirt portion arranged with pleats, and instead of a coat there was

a tweed cape with a deep pleated hem. Now the cape has invaded the domain of lingerie, printed chifon nightdresses are seen with delightful capes of the same material that lightly rest on the shoulders, and sometimes they just turn them. Satin dresses also have capes, but they are merely piped at the edges; naturally they are held in position with ribbons. There is another change that cannot fail to be of interest, and that is that some of the lingerie for evening wear has almost a tailored aspect; it is made of rather heavy crêpe de chine, and with the exception of hemstitching has no trimming; the garments fit the figure, and any amount of "invisible" patchwork is needed to achieve this end. In striking contrast to this is the lace-trimmed lingerie; as a matter of fact it is permissible for the lace to show through the evening dresses. Silk voile is being used extensively for undies enriched with a broderie anglais pattern.

This coat-frock has the intricacy of cut that is characteristic of the spring fashions. It is available in crêpe hopsack in a variety of fashionable colours. It comes from the salons of Madame Nelson, 159, Sloane Street, S.W. (See p. ii)

(Continued on p. ii)

HER BIRTHDAY



OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro pearls 16 ins. long (complete with gold clasp and case). Let her wear it a fortnight and compare with real pearls. If either of you can detect any difference your money shall be returned.

A PRESENT is merely a sign you remembered her. But a present of Ciro pearls is a sign that you thought about her, a sign that you studied her taste.

Every woman needs Ciro pearls. Just as they give her pleasure, so they give her prestige. For the Ciro pearl is the all but indistinguishable twin of the oriental pearl. The same lovely lustre, the same authentic tone. And nowhere else but in the Ciro salons can the Ciro pearl be found.

When next you come near a birthday in your diary, pay her the compliment of deciding on

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PEARLS



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The All-Important Corset.

As this is an era of sports for woman—including golf, tennis, skating, hockey, etc.—fashions in corsets depend on women's desire for neatness and freedom; and as a consequence they have to adapt themselves to every curve and line of the figure. The most beautiful dress in the world will take unto itself a sad appearance when it is worn over ill-fitting corsets. Therefore the very first accessory to be considered is the corset. A "C.B." production is the Court Royal Corset, and although the cost is merely a guinea only the very best materials are used for its fashioning; silk broché and elastic are seen in happy unison; it is quite low at the waist, moulds the hips, and as a consequence is an ideal foundation for a spring 1930 dress. Not only do the suspenders support the stockings but no unsightly ridges occur even when ultra-strenuous exercise has been taken. They are extremely comfortable and at the same time have a slimming effect on the figure; nevertheless the graceful symmetry is maintained. They are sold practically everywhere, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them the Court Royal Corsets, 81, Golden Lane, will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

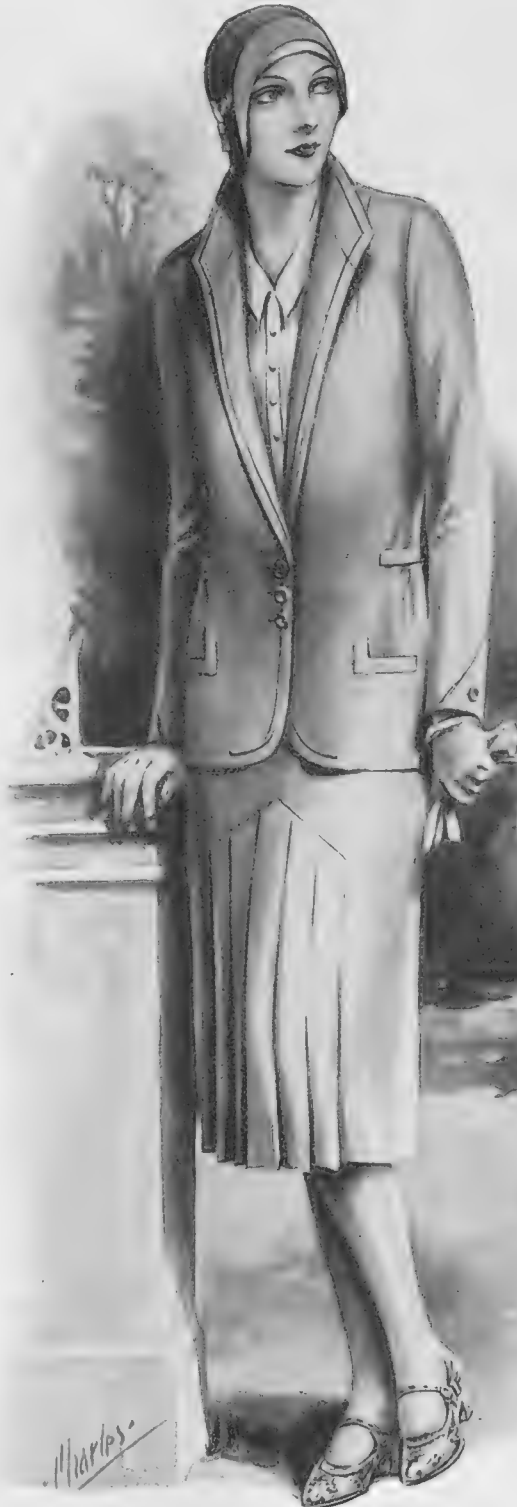
Where Tailoring Triumphs.

Cut and tailoring are the duet that reign supreme at the Nedweb Salons, 22, Sloane Street, S.W. Mr. Nedweb is a past-master in all things that go to the creation of a perfect tailored suit. The model pictured on p. 322 is built of iron-grey gentlemen's suiting. The skirt is arranged with the ideal hip-yoke, that is to say that it firmly silhouettes the hips, and by this means discrepancies are camouflaged. It is finished so that the blouse may be worn either inside or outside. The long revers and three-button fastening of the coat are important features. Many variations may be wrought on this theme, particulars of which, together with prices and patterns of the materials, will be sent gratis and post free on application. Neither must it be overlooked that a feature is made of coats for all occasions.

Every Woman Wants this Dress.

There is a dress that everyone needs, and it may be seen in Madame Nelson's, 159, Sloane Street, S.W. There are so many variations of it that monotony is banished; there is one thing that is common to them all, and that is that the price is 98s. 6d. The model pictured on p. 322 is of crêpe hopsack and is available in black as well as colours. There are styles that are suitable for slight women as well as for those of generous proportions. Furthermore these much-to-be-desired affairs may be had in a splendid assortment of fabrics, not overlooking shantung. I think frocks of this material are particularly attractive when primroses and daffodils are in bloom. By the way those who really

want a gilt-edge investment must make a point of seeing the model coats in these salons; they are 5½ guineas; the number is very limited; they are of such a character that they will remain undated indefinitely.



A SPRING TAILORED-SUIT

Which owes its origin to Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W. It may be carried out in a number of materials. There are many variations on this theme

Chinese Hemp and Pandan.

The founts of inspiration of the creators of the Walmar hats are the works of the great Parisian milliners, and as a consequence the very latest conceits of fashion

are mirrored in the same. To-day they are thinking of summer as well as spring models. There are agents for these hats in all the principal towns throughout Great Britain and Ireland; should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, Leslie Jones, the manufacturers at Luton, will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent on application. A trio of Walmar hats find pictorial expression on p. 322. The Le Bois model is expressed in Chinese hemp; it is available in all the fashionable colours and is trimmed with linen of a lighter shade; the scheme is completed with a bow at the back. The model with the fold in the brim is also of Chinese hemp enriched with linen. The last of the trio is of Pandan straw; it is trimmed with felt; the back of the brim is divided, is then turned up, and lightly rests against the crown. As felt hats will retain their prestige when the thermometer is 100 in the shade, there are a splendid collection of the same.

The Return of the Coat and Skirt.

Without a fanfare of trumpets the simple coat and skirt has returned, and before there were any hints of rivalry it had acquired a very exalted position in the affections of the leaders of fashion. It must firmly be admitted that Fenwick's, 62-63, New Bond Street, W., have been quietly and unostentatiously doing good propaganda work. So much faith have they in it that they are making a feature of suits for 10½ guineas; there are eight or nine different styles while the number of fabricating mediums is apparently unending. Illustrated on this page is one of the models. Note the clever manner in which the belt appears at the sides; it draws attention to the fact that the waistline is ascending. The shape of the pockets and revers are different. Then the skirt has a panel of pleats in front. It seems almost unnecessary to add that those suits are made for each individual client. The new brochure is ready and it is profusely illustrated, from which it will be seen that the art of the tailor is in the ascendant. On application, to all who mention the name of this paper it will be sent gratis and post free.

"Sunpruf" Furnishing Fabrics.

Williamson and Cole of High Street, Clapham, S.W., have opened new showrooms in Brown's Arcade, 92, Regent Street, W. There are to be seen "Sunpruf" fabrics in over 3,000 designs; it is the ideal fabricating medium for curtains, loose covers, etc. There is a display of Oriental carpets, Persian rugs, china and glass, and a few specimens of their period furniture.



PRINCE'S PLATE

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*T*HIS polished Oak Cabinet is conveniently fitted with a service for 12 persons of Prince's Plate Spoons and Forks, Rat-tail pattern illustrated, and "Tusca" (regd.) Handled Cutlery (Stainless Steel Blades). **£18 : 0 : 0**

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The Rat-tail pattern.

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(Smaller quantities at proportionate prices).

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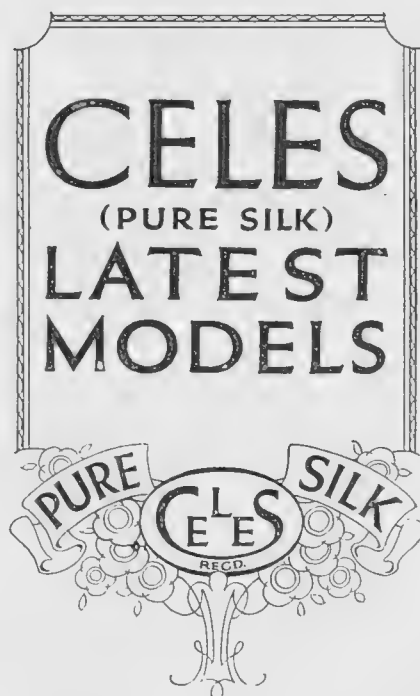
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Model 5603.—Tailored Shirt with detachable collar. Perfectly finished in every detail.



Model 9624.—This Blouse may be worn inside the skirt or over the skirt. The model shown is of rainbow striping exquisitely trimmed with stitching.

"The Miniatures"—continued

order to a total of fourteen. There were many offers tendered to the Colonel by members of other teams who had already met their Waterloo to lend their ponies to the finalists in the event of need, but the Colonel kindly declined, stating that although he greatly appreciated their offers he would much prefer if possible to carry on with the material at hand. He knew full well that, small though his own ponies were, they were probably worth two of those offered, but, being tactful, said little. They had had a pretty gruelling week's work generally, but the survivors, both ponies and men, were game to the end. In the last and final match for the cup one little roan mare, the Adjutant's, Ashkar by name, purchased for Rs. 300, played three chukkers.

The spectators had now ceased to marvel at the way the Colonel moved about the ground with his reins looped over his gloved false hand, for they had watched him for four consecutive afternoons at play. Betting was going strong among the native crowd grouped in various parts of the ground, for the Oriental dearly loves a gamble; it is the breath of life to him. I have seen crowds at big football matches in this country, I have watched the excitement evinced by the crowds at the annual Boat Race, and I have also watched the onlookers during a hot afternoon on the London polo ground, rather ashamed to exhibit the real feeling of excitement during a first-class game;



RACING AT HELIOPOLIS

That pleasant suburb of Cairo where there is a quite excellent race-course. The names in this group, left to right, are: Major-General the Hon. E. Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, father of Lady Loraine; Lord Cadogan, H.E. Sir Percy Loraine, High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan; and the A.D.C. to His Excellency

but here it was different—real, true, unrestrained excitement and thrill. Never have I witnessed such genuine enthusiasm as on that hot afternoon when the bell announced the end of the last period of that final. Many a fashionable sunshade suffered hurt due to girlish thrill, many a motor-car horn felt hoarse after its loud barking. It spoke volumes of their appreciation of the fine sportsmanship and keenness of these

Miniatures, more on the side of the ponies than their players—ponies and men covered in dust and sweat moved slowly towards the line of cars on either side of the ground. They had got it by the margin of half a goal. The native is not over-demonstrative, but if you could have seen the expressions of admiration and sheer joy portrayed on the face of Ashkar's syce as his master led her off the ground, limping himself, and the little mare going very short in front, it would have made you wonder and feel glad that these folk had won a trophy that meant so much to them.

All this took place during the Christmas of 1924, and I feel sure that the ponies who played in that memorable tournament will, as they advance in years, hand on the tale of that game to their greener neighbours. Now things have changed, the ponies can travel over 100 miles of that same journey by rail, for such is Empire development.

ROAMER.

NOTE.—Fact is often stranger than fiction, and the foregoing is always connected in the minds of those who witnessed the play of Colonel Muirhead's team with Rudyard Kipling's "Maltese Cat."

From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

the fog was probably to blame for the collision between his reverence and the general; however, as both were floored, the result was a draw, as on the turf and under the turf all men are equal. As conditions had not improved at two o'clock the order was given for home. Again on Wednesday at Deddington there was a thick fog, and we became more misty-fied still when Dean Hill was blank. However, when we did find the fog was most obliging and suddenly vanished, and a first-class day followed. There were several visitors out, including a few Bicesterites and Mrs. P. H. from the B.V. Why did a certain young man fit a blue handkerchief round his left knee? It must have been either to prevent people pulling his leg or to cover a breach in his breeches. On Friday at Stow Station we were glad to see the chate-laine of Kitebrook on a horse again instead of in the Baby Austin. Talking of Baby Austins, it is a pity some sort of birth-control cannot be enforced, judging from the way they and their like lined up and headed our fox at Stow Bridge Copse.

From the York and Ainsty

A small and select party turned up at Crocky Hill on Thursday (January 31), where we had to wait an hour owing to the fog. D. Green was carrying the horn, but someone remarked that there were three huntsmen, the other two being the uncrowned kings of Hexby and Heslington. Scent was wretched all day, but bright spots were provided by the Colonel's woollen gloves, doubtless presented by some charming lady. At Breighton on Saturday there was a good-sized "field" out, including several from the Holderness; we were glad to see Crankie, apparently none the worse for the Naval Conference.

Foxes turned up all right, but seemed to run somewhat the wrong way; Charles was refused off, but otherwise there were fewer casualties than is usual in this country. The North pack had capital sport from Hopperton, with good hunts from Flaxby Wood, Goldsborough Moor, and Ribston; altogether a hard day for horses and hounds. Their Monday meet at Green Hammerton, though in much the same area, was quite successful,

and the Stanyforth foxes turned up in full strength. The South were at Dalton, near Sessay, on Tuesday (4th), and, for the first time in history, were honoured by the presence of the famous Blue Train, complete with passengers and crew. Let us hope they enjoyed themselves.

From Lincolnshire

Scent having greatly improved, all the county packs have been doing well, but the going has been atrociously deep. The best sport has generally come late in the afternoon. Particularly noticeable was this on the Blankney's Bloxholm day (January 30). Hounds could positively do nothing at all with foxes in the morning, but the afternoon brought a surprising change of fortune. Then going away from Blankney Gorse they ran like wildfire for an hour and three-quarters, but failing light compelled them to stop, with their fox only just in front and blown up like a balloon. On the same day the Southwold, from North Willingham Top, encountered a fog as thick as pea-soup on the Wolds, but going on to lower ground they ran a Hainton fox just about as fast as they could peg, crossing six miles of country in thirty minutes. But when hounds got among sheep the best of this steeplechase was over. The Brocklesby got among a harem of foxes in Claxby Wood (January 29), and caught the old dog fox *à l'improviste* before he could get well on his pins, thus breaking up the happy home.



A BELVOIR GROUP LAST WEEK

Captain Adrian Bethell, Joint Master of the Holderness, Diana Bethell, Ronnie Callender, and Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty, who is Captain Bethell's sister. Major Cantrell-Hubbersty, to everyone's regret, is still hors de combat from a bad fall with the Quorn a short time ago

THE "CORSLO SOIRÉE"

FOR THE NEW GOWNS
Small and Medium Figures.

The "Corslo Soirée" has been especially designed for small and medium figures, to meet the requirements of the new waistline. Absolutely boneless, the material is skillfully cut to uplift and at the same time support the bust. The elastic panels give a slimming line over the hips, and it is held in position by two sets of suspenders; hook-and-eye fastening at left side.

THE "CORSLO SOIRÉE" in washable cotton tricot, boneless, two sets of suspenders. In pink and white. Measurements required: Bust, Waist and Hips.

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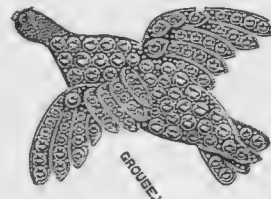
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Sporting Beret in faced cloth or velvet. Both absolutely waterproof, and in any shade to match costume. Price **31/6**
Large size Head Fittings a speciality.



Sporting Bird
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Photo. by
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THE "ARUNDEL"

New Model in unspottable Waterproof Felt, trimmed galloon band and bow to tone with all the new Spring Shades. In all head sizes. Price **35/-**
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A selection of Hats sent on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

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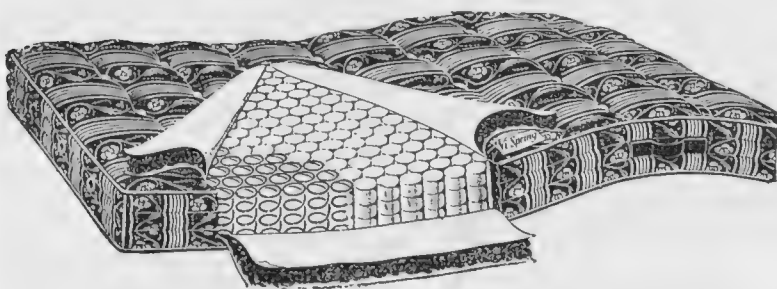
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Pictures in the Fire—continued.

Although the N.H. Stewards have decided not to adopt Mr. Topham's suggested remodelling of the conditions of the Grand National, 1930, and only altered the amount of the entrance fee from £5 to £10, I understand that it is highly probable that before the race of 1931 comes round some qualifying clauses in the conditions will be inserted, though exactly what shape they will take no one can know. If Mr. Topham's suggestions, which were in the main very sound, had been adopted for the 1930 race they might have operated unfairly by reason of the fact that the time was a bit short. Mr. Topham, with a view to reducing numbers and increasing quality at the expense of quantity, believed that it would be a good idea to restrict entries to horses which had been placed first, second, or third in three-mile 'chases of a not less value to the winner of £200, or horses placed in any 'chase over Aintree, and winners of 'chases value £500. The trouble is that, as regards the first condition, there are not at present a great number of three-mile 'chases of a value of £200 and over, and that a steeplechase of the advertised value of £200 is not actually worth that to the winner, because his entrance money has to be deducted. As to Mr. Topham's second suggested condition, I think that that could be made more elastic with advantage, and enlarged to "any horse which has completed the course in any steeplechase over Aintree." And it might be made even wider than this, and discretion given to the stewards to give certificates to enter for the Grand National even to some horses which

have not completed the course in steeplechases which have been run over Aintree, for a great number of horses meet with disaster through no fault of their own, and it would not be fair on them to put the bar up against them. The Aintree stewards would not have much difficulty, I feel sure, in 'sorting out the sheep from the goats. There

are a good many promising horses which may have failed to get round, either because they were knocked over or carried out at a fence by either the refusing brigade or loose horses, and it would be a bit drastic to bar them because of obvious misfortunes, and I feel sure that when the matter of altering the conditions of the Grand National comes up again after this year's race some way out will be found. No one wants to see the "small" man barred just because his little jewel has not earned public distinction, but equally we all desire to see the hopelessly impossible brigade told kindly but firmly that it must prove itself before it is allowed to have a chance of interfering with the genuine article. All sorts and conditions of horses have won the National, and the problem of saying what is and what is not entitled to run is a very thorny one; but I believe that a middle way can be found, and that certificates somewhat on the same lines as hunters' certificates for point-to-point 'chases may be one of the ways. Mr. Topham is on the right lines when he desires that a horse should earn his "blue" before getting his National cap, but something a little bit less restrictive than his conditions would be more likely to meet the case, and I am certain that when the subject has had further careful consideration this can be evolved.



CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE AND HIS DAUGHTER JOYCE

Dennis Moss

A recent picture with the Beaufort Hounds, of which Captain Kingscote is Field Master. He is also in charge of the International Polo team's ponies and has wintered about fifty of them at Pinkney. Little Joyce Kingscote, his daughter, rides very well indeed

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You need Health to enjoy life

It is not necessarily cocktail-parties and late nights which ask of our constitutions that extra effort which our grandparents knew not. It's the daily round that none can avoid. It is an existence which is made up of fast travelling, hurried meals, wireless, telephones, aeroplanes and a hundred complications by which we aggregate more in a day than our counterparts of fifty years ago were able to do in a week, that raises difficulties. The Human System is, however, much the same. Given a fair chance, it will do its job as well as it did for our forbears—perhaps even better. That is, if it is treated properly and given a fair chance. You need health to enjoy life,



YOU NEED

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to get the full benefit from your pleasures. Ready-prepared foods, which form a large part of the modern diet, more often than not hurriedly consumed, rob the human system of the essential nourishment necessary to keep you fit and well. Every one of us needs to supplement our normal diet in order to correct these deficiencies. ROBOLEINE, which is concentrated nourishment, supplies all the vitamins the body requires to maintain vigorous health. Two or three teaspoonsful daily is all you need.



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Take ROBOLEINE plain, in milk or in tea (instead of sugar, if you like), and the children like it spread on bread.

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DO NOT CONFUSE ROBOLEINE WITH ORDINARY MALT FOODS.

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Weddings and

This Month.

The 24th of this month is the date arranged for the marriage between Surgeon-Lieutenant L. P. Spero, Royal Navy, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Spero of Dover, Kent, and Miss Jill May Harper, the only daughter of the late Mr. H. T. Harper and of Mrs. Harper of 116, Park Street, W.

In Kuala Lumpur.

Mr. Ian Gordon Cameron, M.B., Ch.B., Edinburgh, is marrying Miss Sybil Hannigan, the daughter of Mr. C. Hannigan, Commissioner of Police, and Mrs. Hannigan of Kuala Lumpur on March 8, and the wedding is to be at Kuala Lumpur.

Recently Engaged.

Paymaster-Sub-Lieutenant A. Hawkins, Royal Navy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hawkins of Kingswear, Watford, and Miss Mina Minhinnick, only child of Engineer-Commander and Mrs. F. B. Minhinnick of 2, Albemarle Mansions, Southsea; Captain Douglas Mollison Lindsay, 6th Royal Battalion, 13th Frontier Force Rifles, third son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Lindsay of Benholm, Knebworth, Hertfordshire, and Miss Christian Macaulay, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Macaulay



MISS BARBARA ARMYTAGE

Who is to marry Mr. H. D. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland, is the only daughter of Brig.-General Sir George Armytage, Bart., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Armytage of Kirklees Park, Brighouse

MacLeod, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacLeod of Skeabost, Isle of Skye; Mr. Kenneth Percival Strohmer only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strohmer of Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W., and Sunningdale, and Miss Barbara Vivien Perkins, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perkins of 31, Egerton Gardens, S.W.

Engagements

of Queen's Park, Glasgow; Mr. Gerald Hugh Wilkinson, eldest son of Mr. Hugh Wilkinson, C.S.I., C.I.E., lately British Envoy, Nepal, and Mrs. Wilkinson of Brown Eaves, Guildford, and Miss Lorna Mary Davies, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Davies of Craig-side, Honolulu, and Hawkey Hurst, Hampshire; Mr. Aleck Bevan Hutton Wilson, third son of the late Mr. R. Hutton Wilson and Mrs. Hutton Wilson of Egglescliffe, co. Durham, and Miss Geraldine Wright, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Other Wright of Coverham Abbey, Middleham, Yorkshire; Major Richard Hall Knowles, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, third son of the late Mr. William Knowles and Mrs. Knowles of Bolton, and Miss Grace Gibson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gibson of Stanwell Lodge, Stanwell, Middlesex; Mr. Julian Curtis Day, only son of Major Julian Day, M.C., and Mrs. Day of Lavant House, Chichester, Sussex, and Miss Mairi Crawford



Hay Wrightson

MISS E. CHRISTABEL CADMAN

Engaged to Mr. Iver Norris Deakin, only son of the late Mr. N. H. Deakin and Mrs. Deakin of Ranmoor Road, Sheffield. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cadman of Ballfield Hall, near Sheffield



MISS LOTTIE SOUTRY

Only daughter of the late Colonel Trevor Lloyd Blunden Soutry, D.S.O., who is to marry Mr. W. C. G. C. Goodfellow, the son of Mr. W. Goodfellow, the well-known West of England athlete, in the early spring

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

(DEBENHAMS LTD.)

VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET LONDON, W.1.

FASCINATING LINGERIE

1 BACKLESS CAMI-KNICKER, invaluable for present evening wear, with tight fitting bodice carried out in lace and crêpe-de-chine. Can be obtained in all crêpe; also with a tight fitting leg. In black, ivory and all colours.

PRICE 39/6

3 "KATE GREEN-AWAY" NIGHT-DRESS in floral crêpe-de-chine, trimmed three rows of narrow lace. Coloured grounds: ivory, peach, pink, lemon, green, and sky.

PRICE 39/6

2 THREE-PIECE SATIN PYJAMA, trimmed reversed satin, comprising trousers, jumper (which may be worn in the new tuck-in style), and three-quarter length coat. Colours: Pink, black, peach, coral, beige, lemon, mimosa, green, sky, and saxe.

PRICE complete 89/6

4 SATIN NIGHT-DRESS, practical and hard wearing, trimmed with stitching in contrasting colours. Chemise and knickers to match. In all good colours.

Price
Nightdress - 21/9
Chemise - 15/9
Knickers - 15/9



1



2



3



4

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, post free.

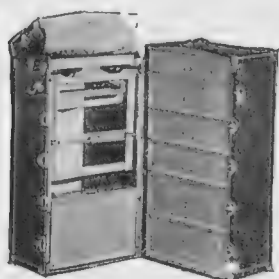


When Oshkosh opens its arms

AT the end of a long journey your Oshkosh opens its arms to you and straightway you feel at home with your surroundings. Unpack? Why no! Your Oshkosh is a wardrobe in itself with everything instantly ready to your hand. You *are* unpacked already! And when you rejoin your friends downstairs they say "How spick and span you look—how *do* you do it after such a long journey?" And you reply carelessly "I dunno" but to yourself you are thinking "Oh my dear *blessed* old Oshkosh!"

Sold at Harrods, Selfridge's, Asprey's, The Revelation Suit Case Company and other well-known West End shops

OSHKOSH TRUNKS



At the top you see model Chief 1/B. This small picture shows model No 685/B, which has as many as twelve hangers and a laundry bag, ample drawer accommodation, shoe box and hat carrier. One turn of the lock locks all drawers and a curtain protects your clothing from dust. There are many other models

Stuarts

Splendidly Fit and Healthy



Photo by Mabel Ruby

MISS JOYCE KENNEDY,

now playing a leading part in "This Way to Paradise" at Daly's Theatre, writes:—

"**N**OTHING *but* Phosferine Brand Tonic—so what more can I say when I am asked how I manage to keep in such splendid health? Even in my schooldays I derived wonderful benefit from Phosferine Brand Tonic, and it has so built up my system that I feel there is nothing to compare with it. As everyone knows, stage work always means late hours and insufficient rest, which undermines one's staying powers, and I am sure Phosferine Brand Tonic prevents the strain becoming insupportable, as it keeps me in such a splendidly fit and healthy condition, with a reserve of vitality to meet all emergencies. Usually, to feel well on the stage means that one looks well, so naturally I have a warm appreciation for the assistance Phosferine Brand Tonic is to my well-being and efficiency."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fog	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.—The New Tonic Fruit Saline.

Supersedes all old-fashioned salts—it Tones as it Cleanses!

Alwaych

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

These notes should appear on February 12, the day before our Annual Meeting. As this annual occasion comes round it causes us to take stock of the Association and of its value to its members. There are of course the direct advantages, quiet rooms at shows, discount allowed to members by well-known firms, reduction of entry fees at our Open Show, etc., and, one of the greatest advantages, the privilege of having one's kennel noticed in a paper of the world-wide circulation of THE TATLER. This latter privilege is much appreciated by those who make use of it. But behind all this is something more which, even in this age, which cares for nothing but what it can get, still counts. It is the *esprit de corps*, the banding together of women fanciers in a body which is universally respected, which matters. If there were no L.K.A. women fanciers would have no means of expressing themselves. We need not go back to the days when the fact of their being an L.K.A. made exhibiting easier for women, but it was so, and the entry of women into the kennel world completely changed it. These are a few of the reasons why the Association deserves the support of all women interested in dogs.



KNAITH BOUNCE

The property of Mrs. Wormald



YELLOW LABRADORS

The property of Mrs. Wormald

One of the outstanding features of the dog world of late years has been the rise to pre-eminence among gun-dogs of the Labrador. The classes for Labradors are now one of the supports of shows, and at field trials 75 per cent. of the competitors are Labradors, who invariably give a good account of themselves. The Labrador has good friends, but friends could not keep him at the top without his own intrinsic qualities. In looks a high-class Labrador is a handsome, well-balanced animal, while for intelligence and mental qualities no dog can beat him. As Lady Howe says in "The Kennel Gazette" for December: "I have never found a dog which satisfies all one looks for in a dog, friend first,

then all other virtues, as does a good Labrador." Mrs. Wormald specialises in yellow Labradors, and has done very well this season at trials and on the bench. She only showed at three shows—Cruft's, K.C., and Darlington—and only three dogs, and took seven firsts, three seconds, and a third, while Knaith Brock won first in the Northern All-aged Stake and first Yellow Labrador Club Puppy, also cup for the best-looking dog at the Labrador Club Junior Stake. Knaith Busby and Knaith Bliss also did well. Mrs. Wormald looks

after her dogs and trains them entirely herself. She has a very good young dog for sale. He took third in the Yellow Labrador Puppy Stake, and reserve and prize for the best puppy in the All-aged Stake at the E.C.R. Society. This dog retrieves well. She also has a young bitch for sale; both these are really high-class ones who come of good parents. For those who prefer black Labradors Mrs. Illingworth has some puppies for sale, also some Cocker, all the best of breeding.

Mrs. Murray Wilson's beautiful poodles are well known. She sends a photograph of three. Tricoline has won one hundred prizes and three Challenge Certificates. Marquette and his brother, Jolie Cœur, are also big winners, and as they are only fifteen months old should go far. As Mrs. Murray Wilson says, her kennels merit their name, "Win Some" Kennels.



POODLES

The property of Mrs. Murray Wilson

Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



FIELD'S ALSO MAKE

"Our Nell"
4d. Per TABLET

or 1/- A 3-TABLET BOX

A Toilet Soap, Fragrant
Perfume and Complexion
Cream in one.

You really should
try it.

FREE ♦ A booklet, "Lights of
Other Days," will be sent
post free on request to J. C. & J. Field,
Ltd., Dept. "T," London, S.E.1. Estab-
lished 1642 in the reign of Charles 1st.

AT HOME IN EVERY ROOM

BE your room what it may, it can be made more appealing and alluring with 'Nell Gwynn' Decorative Candles.

Their charm lies in the beauty of their 36 colours, the stately dignity of their shape, and the clarity with which they burn.

In drawing room, hall or study, their rich colours will impart a finishing touch to the decorative scheme. Burning on the dining table, they are a beautiful decoration and shed a soft radiance which extends sympathy to skin, eyes and hair and brings a new loveliness to every complexion.

FIELD'S
"NELL GWYNN"

Solid Dyed Candles

FOR BURNING AND DECORATING
FROM 9d. PER BOX.

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"The Magic of Islam."

NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

Verdure and blossom . . . Peak and chasm . . . Mosque and minaret . . . Ghostly ruins and teeming bazaars . . . Golden sands and glittering seguias . . . princely palaces and mud cities . . . Sunset and the Muezzin.

Amagnificent tour in the land of the stork, the scarlet ibis and the golden date—the land of blood-red dawn, gorgeous sunset, and peerless translucent night.

ALGERIA—TUNISIA—MOROCCO THE SAHARA

But to see the Sahara's greatest wonders you must get to the South.

Private Tours by *Modèle de Luxe* six-cylinder 4- and 5-seater landaulets or limousines. Arrange the route and details yourself, but let us assist with expert advice. Tours for separate bookings by 10-seater landaulet type cars running to scheduled itineraries. 270 to choose from.

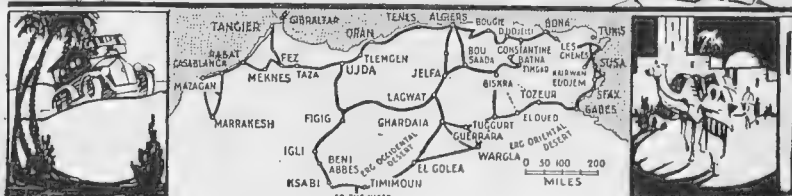
Forty-four of the famous "Transatlantique" hotels erected especially for these tours. A fleet of 6-wheeled "Desert Cars."

Write for Booklet, "The Magic of Islam."

FRENCH LINE
Compagnie Générale

TRANSATLANTIQUE, Ltd.

20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1



A complete wardrobe in VOGUE PATTERNS

The way to be smart on a small expenditure is this—to plan your clothes as a wardrobe, and to use Vogue Patterns.

By planning your wardrobe as a whole you get your colours to harmonise: your dresses go with your coats: you always have a complete costume, instead of single garments put together haphazard . . . And by choosing Vogue Patterns you dress as Paris dresses at the moment, yet can have your clothes made at home.

Below are miniature reproductions of a typical Vogue Pattern wardrobe from the 'Spring Patterns & Fabrics' issue of Vogue. All the patterns are purchasable from any of the agents throughout the country which are listed in Vogue. All the materials are moderately priced, and you are told the shops where you can buy them . . . With these clothes you will be completely equipped, right into the Summer.

There are several other pages of Vogue Pattern designs in this issue—the smartest Spring fabrics—new French models from the London shops—English suits and hats—knitting instructions for a tweed-like jumper—

A marvellous slimming bath—

easy, effortless, which is causing a sensation. New coiffures. A modernist flat . . . Society . . . The Stage . . . Books . . . Travel . . . Where's the nearest bookstall?



VOGUE

SPRING PATTERNS
& FABRICS ISSUE

'PRICE ONE SHILLING

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

A remarkable gear-oil is announced by C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., to be sold at the same price as Castrol S gear-oil which it is to replace. Named Castrol Swanshot S, it is a full-bodied gear-oil, and yet it remains fluid at as low a temperature as 12 deg. below zero Fah. This makes the filling of a gear-box or back-axle extremely easy even in cold weather, and when starting away from cold a liquid gear-oil is a definite protection for the bearings and gears. Moreover, Castrol Swanshot S maintains its viscosity up to the highest working temperatures.

As its name implies, Castrol Swanshot S is also an ideal chassis lubricant, and it is therefore recommended for this purpose by the makers of the leading central and one-shot lubricant systems.

Singer and Co., Ltd., one of the largest British motor-car manufacturers, have been without a London headquarters of their own since 1925, for it was in September of that year that the dépôt at 17, Holborn Viaduct was taken over by Cook and Palmer, Ltd. For some time the directors have felt that a London "home" was essential, but it was not until September, 1929, that suitable premises were found. Of recent days the centre of the London automobile world has moved west, from Holborn and Great Portland Street, to Piccadilly, and when a portion of Stratton House, Piccadilly, became available, it was at once secured. Actually the site was acquired exactly a fortnight before the opening day of the Motor Show. Mr. W. E. Bullock, Singer's managing director, immediately decided that the front portion of the showrooms must be opened to coincide with the Show.

Before Stratton House could be used for this purpose, extensive alterations to the frontage and floors were necessary. The Motor Show opened at Olympia and the Singer Show opened at Stratton House on the same day. The speed with which the alterations were effected is probably

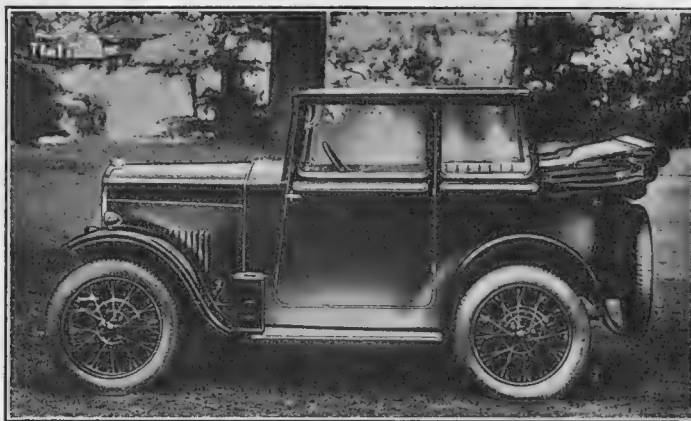
a record for the British building industry. That part of Stratton House occupied by the Singer Company consists of two levels—the basement and ground floor—with a frontage of 40 ft., a depth of 100 ft., and a total area of 8,000 sq. ft. Over fifty cars can be accommodated. During and after the Motor Show further extensive construction work was necessary to make the premises entirely suitable. In their finished form they have only just been opened.

PETROL VAPOUR—continued.

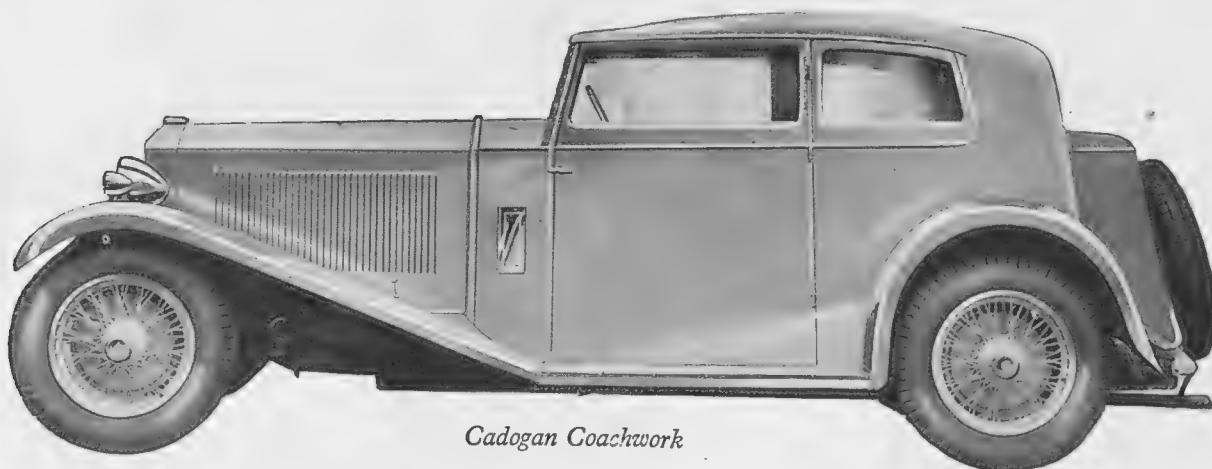
our electrical equipment manufacturers have forgotten that a good reputation is worth sustaining. But it is rough on the car constructors, for they get blamed for what is not really their fault. In this particular case the owner of the car, a lady, said, "I will never have another — as long as I live." And she means it. Yet the — is a deuced good car. I fear I must admit that if it had an American electrical installation there would be nothing whatever the matter with it.

Book Review.

From the pen of Mr. Henry Thornton Rutter, doyen of car critics, come five volumes entitled "Motor-Cars of To-day," published by Virtue and Co. This is a conscientious and compendious work—a mine of information, accurate, and well arranged—in which the student of car design and the man who is interested in getting the best out of his car can profitably do much digging. Of course in so big a work it is impossible to be absolutely up-to-date, and there are one or two chassis that are absentees from its pages. Nevertheless it is a most admirable and dependable work of reference. To the man who is running a repair shop, and cannot get all cars by heart, these volumes should come as a godsend.



The Triumph Super-Seven Tickford Sunshine Saloon can be converted from a saloon into a fully open car in ten seconds, and provides pleasant and comfortable travel for all seasons of the year. The framework is of seasoned English ash covered in first-quality fabric with the choice of three attractive colour schemes (grey with red roof, black with green wheels, black with red wheels); safety glass, real leather pneumatic upholstery, and chromium plating are also outstanding features of this delightful ensemble



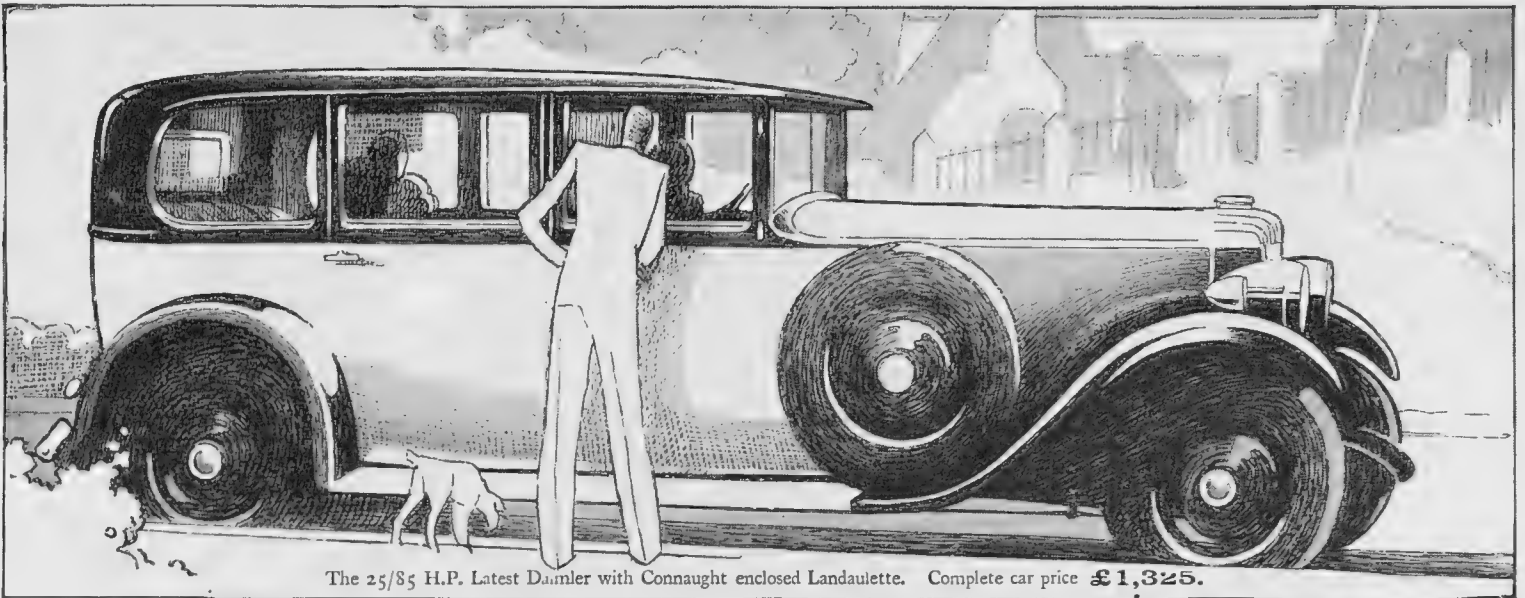
Cadogan Coachwork

To produce a car in which exceptional acceleration and a high maximum speed would demand no sacrifice of smoothness, top gear performance and ease of handling . . . a car in which the most wonderful performance in the world would be combined with luxurious comfort and distinguished appearance . . . an all-British car employing in its construction the finest materials with the most up-to-date engineering practice . . . In a word, a car to

fulfil each and every exacting requirement of the modern owner-driver. This is the individual standard to which the 4½-litre Invicta is designed and built, without compromise and without concession.

Long chassis, 10' 6" wheelbase, 4' 8" track, £1050. Trial runs by appointment with the Invicta Cars Sales Co 11 Albemarle Street London W1 Telephone: Regent 2608/9.

THE 4½-LITRE
INVICTA



The 25/85 H.P. Latest Daimler with Connaught enclosed Landauette. Complete car price £1,325.

Like every Connaught production, this fine example of modern coachwork embodies all the unmistakable qualities of skilful and experienced craftsmanship. See the beauty and dignity of this car, its deep luxury within. Yet, like all Connaught coachwork, it is most moderately priced — the complete car

finished to the last detail of individual requirements, costs only £1,325. (*Enclosed limousine at similar price.*) Whatever the chassis of your choice, place the matter of coachwork into the safe hands of Connaught. They will help you in every way. Detailed specifications and drawings sent on request.

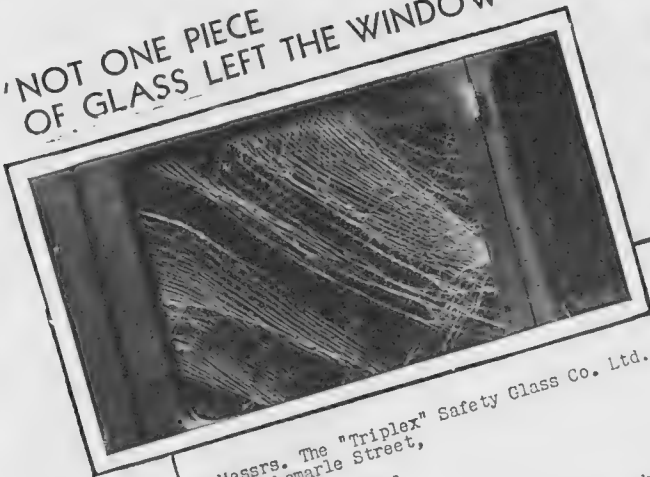
CONNAUGHT COACHWORK FOR DAIMLER

The Connaught Motor & Carriage Co Ltd 34-36 Davies St Berkeley Square London W1

Telephone Mayfair 5048



"NOT ONE PIECE
OF GLASS LEFT THE WINDOW"



Messrs. The "Triplex" Safety Glass Co. Ltd.,
1, Albemarle Street,
LONDON, W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

It may interest you to know what happened when the "Triplex" Glass in my 12 h.p. Saloon Austin was smashed.

I was passing by the gates of a drive leading to a friend's house when a sudden wind crashed the heavy gate into my car, striking the handle of the door and wrenching the door open. The force was so violent that the "Triplex" Glass was shattered into a thousand cracks; and yet not one little piece of glass left the window. I had two ladies with me who were, of course, perfectly safe.

I expect you have many similar cases; but if you care to see the car, it is in my garage here until I send it to have the "Triplex" Glass replaced.

Yours faithfully,

H. Edwards

23/9/29.

Revised Prices for Triplex Plate and Triplex Sheet Qualities

PRICE LIST ON REQUEST



Fit
"Triplex" Regd
-and be safe!

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS COMPANY, LIMITED, 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Aviation and Navy.

AIRCRAFT have hitherto been left out of the armament and disarmament menus. Battleships are the roast beef and two veg. of naval strategy. But it has been decided by the phalanx of frock-coats assembled at St. James's Palace that battleships are too bloody and must be replaced by meatless or vegetarian craft. The five Powers, if their delegates can come to an agreement, are to be put on a restricted diet of cabbage-cruisers and dill-water-destroyers. Meanwhile the delegates who are trying to effect this mortification of the maritime flesh are being lauded and listened to, filmed, photographed, and flattered.

In spite of the good intentions which may be behind the Naval Conference, it has become, owing to its complete ignorance of aircraft, nauseating to the impartial observer. The delegates have posed as the harbingers of peace; they have strutted before the admiring populace like distended doves in top-hats. Unfortunately theirs is the kind of peace that passeth all understanding, and it is likely to remain in that category. For their actions can have little effect on the future of world peace. The notion that by prescribing a meek naval diet for them the nations will become meek is fallacious. The most successful murderers have been teetotallers, non-smokers, and vegetarians. The super-sanctimonious smile and the lofty look are impotent against the diabolism of democracies. Psychologists, who are the only people who are ever likely to understand the etiology of war, and therefore to have any chance of stopping it, say that so long as all motor-car drivers try to be first away when the policeman drops his hand, so long will there be war, and they are just about right. No one yet has managed to create a new heaven and a new earth.

No politician can do much to prevent war, especially when he takes no notice of the weapon which will be pre-eminent in all future wars, the aeroplane. Aeroplanes are the very weapons about the limitation of which no conferences are held. Perhaps aircraft seemed relatively feeble in the last War, but it would be rash to judge their capabilities from that preliminary canter. By banning battleships the Conference is merely diverting the development of instruments of warfare along more interesting, and certainly far more deadly lines. The problems of politics are far removed from the problems of war. If we really wish to seek peace and ensue it we must call in the psychologist. And in the meantime let us be sure that we maintain a strong and efficient air fleet.



MISS AMY JOHNSON

Who is only twenty-two, is the first woman to be given the Air Ministry's ground engineer's licence. Miss Johnson is contemplating a solo flight to Australia with the avowed purpose of beating the record.

Club Subsidies.

In these notes some time ago I lamented the passing, which is due to take place this year, of the independent light aeroplane club subsidies. I now hear that there is good ground for hoping that the subsidy may be continued in a modified form. At the Air Ministry consideration is now being given to the subject, and probably by the time these notes appear a decision will have been announced. The clubs deserve support more than any other branch of civil aviation. It would be a national scandal if they were dropped while airships are still being aided by the State in order that they may make periodic sallies from their sheds. Remember that the first crossing of the English Channel by a lighter-than-air craft (Blanchard's balloon) was in 1785. It must be admitted, therefore, that lighter-than-air development has not been so swift as heavier-than-air development. Perhaps it will suddenly change its pace, but at present it shows no signs of doing so. Let us therefore subsidise the clubs.



Prevent Infection

FORMAMINT tablets destroy the disease germs in mouth and throat, thus curing Sore Throat and protecting you against infectious diseases, such as Influenza and Colds. Take a tablet whenever you are in crowded places.

FORMAMINT
WULFING BRAND

At all Chemists at 2/6 per bottle.
GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH.



BOURNEMOUTH, the centre of health and sunshine of the sunny South Coast, offers all the facilities of City life with the peacefulness of the country; the glorious sunshine and dry climate make it the ideal choice for a Winter holiday.

There are innumerable Hotels, many with private tennis courts, ballrooms and garages, while the shopping centre is unrivalled. . . . your stay cannot fail to be one of greatest comfort and ever-changing interest. This year, spend your Winter vacation at Bournemouth.



where
winter never
casts its
gloom ~

Amusements include a first-class theatre, the Municipal Orchestra with world-famous artists . . . and dancing, in the magnificent Pavilion, public dance halls, cinemas, military band concerts, and excellent facilities for trips to the Hardy country and many places of historic interest.

Illustrated Guide and Register of Hotels free from the Town Clerk, Room 12a, Town Hall, Bournemouth. Travel by the "Bournemouth Limited" 2-hour non-stop from Waterloo, 4.30 p.m. Frequent corridor expresses from all parts.

BOURNEMOUTH

The Centre of Health and Sunshine

CASTILLON

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IS
BRANDY
AT ITS
VERY
BEST



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CC15



For radio with the quality of life; radio with all the vitality of the real thing, there is one answer . . . Varley.

A VARLEY ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER will bring to your fireside programmes vibrant with life; speech and music that loses nothing in reproduction; radio that lives—and will live.

Operation is simple—just plug into the electric mains. Selectivity is amazingly good. You can tune in, or out, the new regional stations with perfect ease. In London—in Yorkshire—in Scotland, anywhere in the British Isles, VARLEY ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVERS will give you the same really good selectivity. Radio like this has the colour of life—all-electric, amazing in selectivity, perfect in tone. It is modern radio at its best.

Write for Section A of the Varley Catalogue.

ALL-ELECTRIC 2-VALVE
RECEIVER (A.C. or D.C.)
16 Gns.

Marconi Royalty 15/- extra.

ALL-ELECTRIC 3-VALVE
RECEIVER (A.C. or D.C.)
25 GNS.

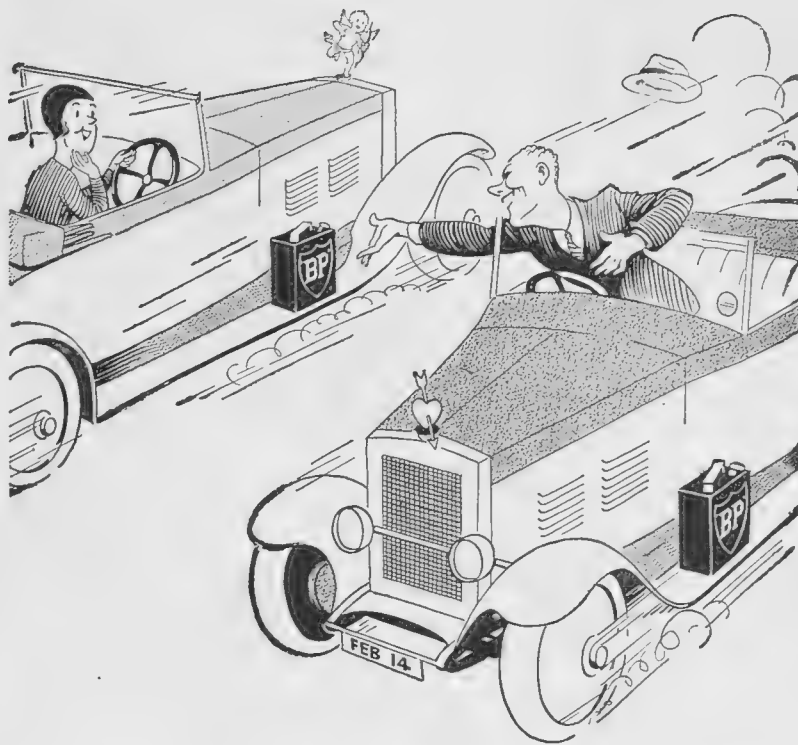
Marconi Royalty 20/- extra.



Advertisement of Oliver Pell Control Ltd., Kingsway House, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Holborn 5303.

Popular Phrases Illustrated

Meeting your Match



On Valentine's Day down at Kew
A man met his match, as men do.

To her hand he aspired
Because he admired

Her spirit — he ran on it too !



The Better Petrol

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD

British Petroleum Co. Ltd, Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2. Distributing Organisation.





MISS GLADYS FRAZIN

Mannell

Who in private life is Mrs. Monty Banks, is shortly appearing in an all-British talkie called "The Compulsory Husband." Monty Banks who plays the husband, is Italian born, and is the son of Leopoldo Bianchi, a well-known composer

heart, and in a letter he wrote to us the other day he said, "All I have to do now is to make my peace with God and to thank my friends for their goodness to me."

The sixth edition of "Who's Who in the Theatre, 1930," is published to-day (12th) by Messrs. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Limited, at 30s. The last edition of this work was published in 1925, and the new edition is of course brought absolutely up to date. It is primarily intended to be a universal biographical dictionary of the more prominent personages connected with the contemporary stage, not only of those engaged in the actual profession of acting, but including those managers, dramatists, musical composers, critics, etc., whose

Notes from Here and There

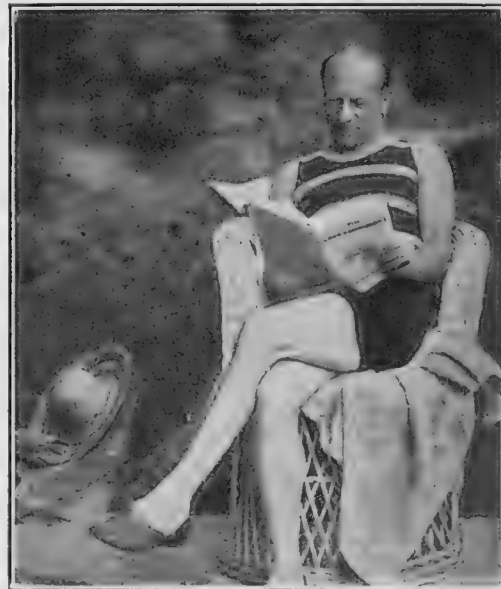
The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for an aged couple of seventy-eight and sixty-two years respectively; they live in a small workman's cottage, the upper part of which is let. Their little home is nice, for they have managed to save a few things from their better days. The old man is well educated and has often sat as an artist's model. His wife used to be a pianist, and her father was at one time first violinist at Covent Garden Opera House. Beyond a small pension of 3s. weekly and the old man's Old Age Pension they have nothing coming in, and they are almost starving through trying to live on 13s. a week. For this reason we are more than anxious to allow them 10s. weekly until the wife is eligible for the pension in three years' time. The old man has a very bad

personnel combines to make the theatre so attractive. In addition to the thousands of biographies included in the work, the book will be found to be the most comprehensive repository of theatrical data in existence. It is compiled and edited by John Parker, and Dr. J. M. Bulloch, M.A., has extended his tables of hereditary theatrical families to over one hundred.

The success in business of photo-teleggraphy is definitely established. A "Johnnie Walker" advertisement which was photo-teleggraphed to Berlin recently by the Derrick Advertising Agency of London was published in the "B.Z. am Mittag" on Monday morning. The illustration, as it appeared in the German paper, was entirely satisfactory, and a gain of several days in time over the former necessarily circuitous methods of contact was achieved. This experiment is the first time that this new gift of science has been used to transmit an advertisement from London to Berlin.

A Correction.

We have been requested to correct an impression given by a recent advertisement in our columns for Colbit Ideal Hard Tennis Courts. It was inadvertently inferred in this announcement that Colbit, the well-known road-surfacing material, could be laid in red and green. It should have been clearly stated that these colours referred only to Ideal Hard Tennis Courts, which are produced by Colbit Road Spray, Ltd., Fairfield, Manchester.



MR. JACK WALLER IN MADEIRA

The famous theatrical manager and composer and member of the Clayton and Waller partnership, whose latest big production is the musical comedy, "Silver Wings," due at the Dominion on the 14th

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd.
of Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

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NEW FELT HAT, an exact copy of a "Patou" model. In Black and all new colours.

Price 70/-

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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist sells them

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FROM **1/6** PER PAIR

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MADE IN ENGLAND

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the Home"
No. 1

RED



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No. 10. THEODORA. The Circus Girl who became an Empress.

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FEBRUARY ISSUE—NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE—ONE SHILLING



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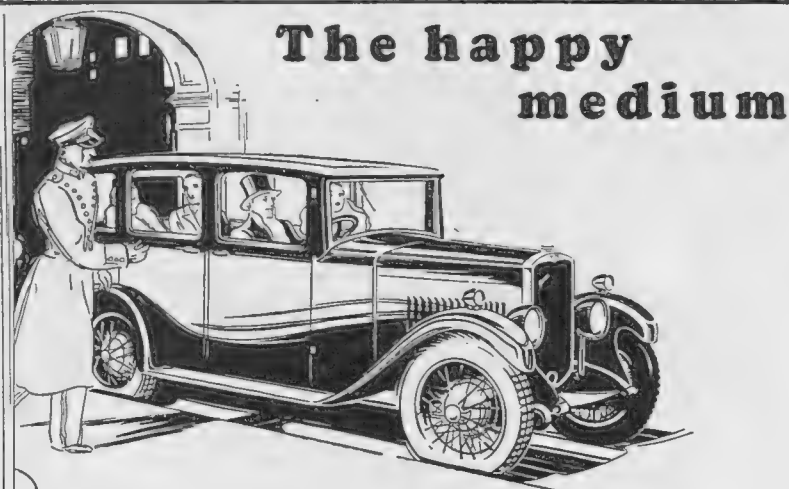


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Ltd.
REGENT STREET,
W.1

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Asprey's of Bond Street choose flecked tweed for this new Spring walking frock, which achieves the slim line with pleats stitched deeply below the hips. A ribbon bow and belt of beige and brown to tone supply just the right touch of original detail to this smart frock. In various colours. 8½ guineas.

Asprey
Bond St
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Starring Sue Carol
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Fox Film Stars



NICK: "You know, lots of people think movie stars aren't as pretty in person as on the screen. But if they ever saw you, with your beautiful eyes and your natural, ruby lips."

SUE: "Very well said, Nick. You're as nice a lover off the screen as on. . . . My eyes are my own, thank you, but my lips are Tangee'd! Here, this is my Tangee lipstick."

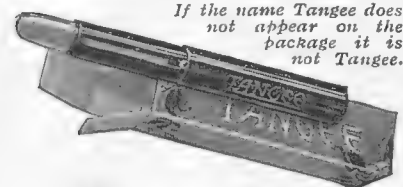
NICK: "Innocent little thing, isn't it?"

SUE: "It is not! I may sound like a Press agent, but honestly, Tangee is wonderful. It's practically indelible, and while you put it on, it blends perfectly with your own natural colouring."

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Tangee Crème Rouge, 4/6. Tangee Lipstick, 4/6. Tangee Rouge Compact, 3/6. Tangee Day and Night Creams (the different beauty creams), 4/6 each. Tangee Face Powder (the newest and most improved Face Powder), 4/6.

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LG 24-326



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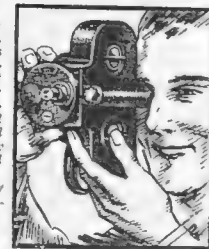
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49 GNS**



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closely resemble the natural
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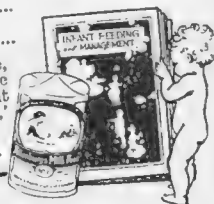
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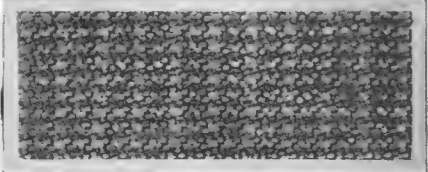
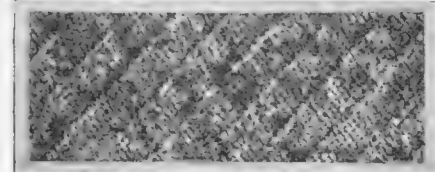
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This model in Red-Brown
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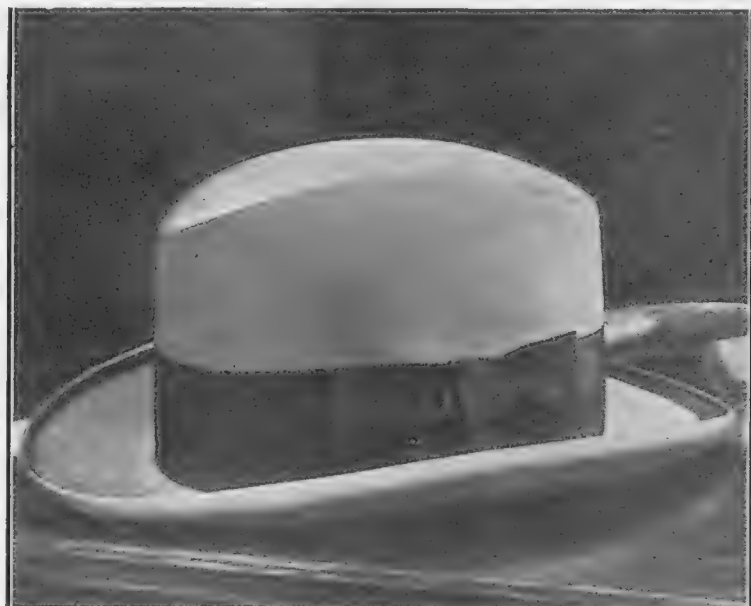


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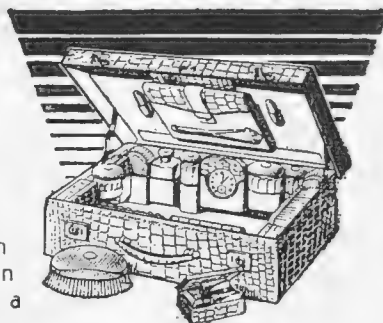
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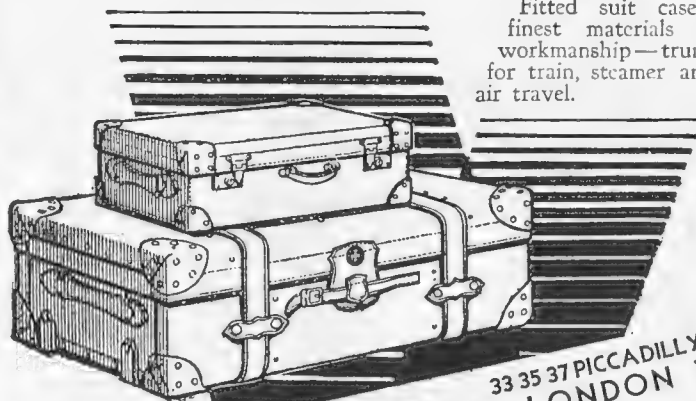


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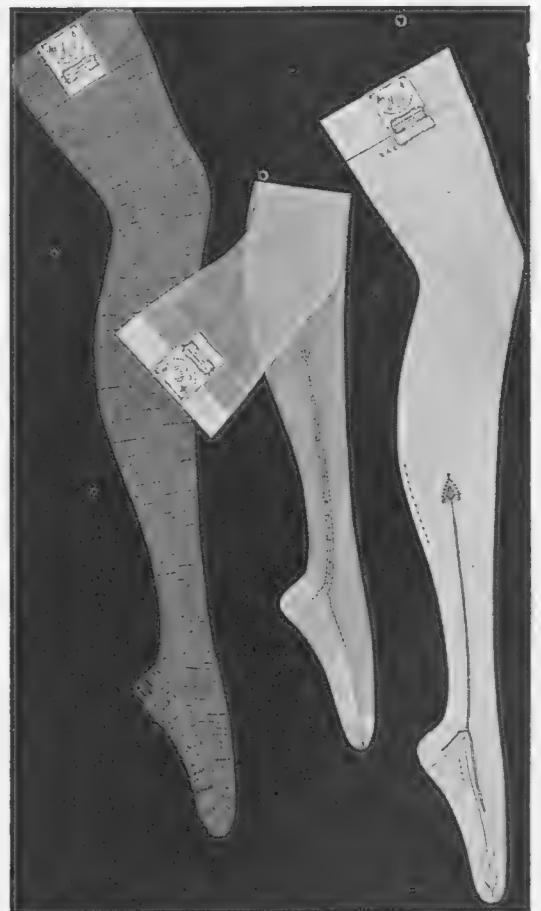
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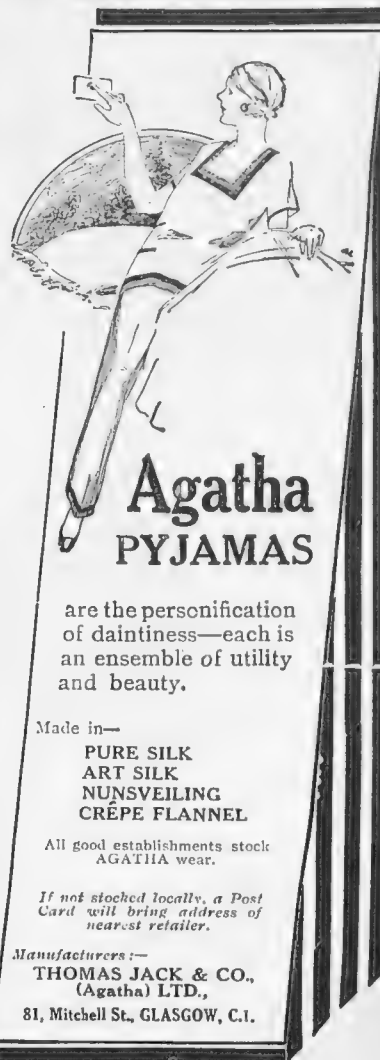
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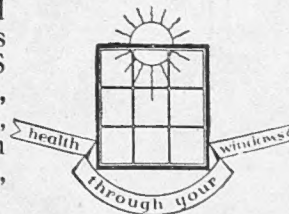
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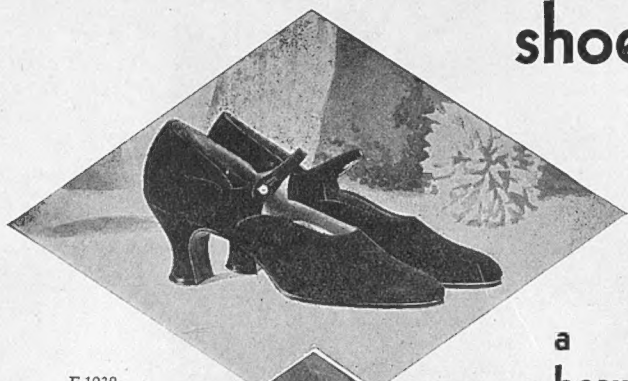
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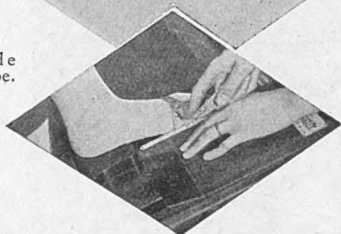
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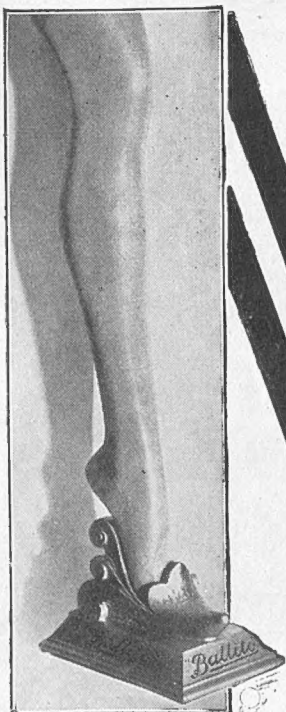
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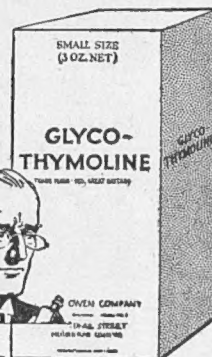
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